Captain John Baptiste Saucier

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Captain John Baptiste Saucier

AT FORT CHARTRES IN THE ILLINOIS, 1751—1763.

BY

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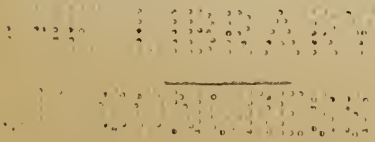

PEORIA, ILL.:
SMITH & SCHAEFER, PRINTERS
1901.

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Preface.

Every intelligent man should learn all he can of his ancestry, and transmit that knowledge to his descendents, in order that the traits and tendencies of the stock, if elevating, may be emulated; if degrading, may be corrected and improved.

This view prompted the writing of the biographical sketch here presented, of Captain John Baptiste Saucier of the French Army, who designed the plans of the second Fort Chartres, in the Illinois, and superintended its construction.

The romantic story of his early life has been preserved by his family, and though, in its oral transmission from generation to generation, it may have gained some embellishments and anachronisms, the most important events in his career have been retained as they actually occurred.

Documentary evidences verifying many of the statements herein related, were lost nearly a century ago in the destruction by fire of his son's residence.

The known facts, and family legends concerning Capt. Saucier, have been collected, in this narrative form, by one of his descendents, to perpetuate the name and history of a brave soldier and honorable, patriotic citizen.

J. F. S.

VIRGINIA, ILL.

THE SAUCIERS IN FRANCE.

CHAPTER I.

At the beginning of the Eighteenth Century Monsieur Jean Beaumont Saucier—or Saussier, as the family name was then spelled*—was a prominent and prosperous merchant in the quaint old city of Orleans, in France. He was descended from a line of merchant ancestors, who had transacted business at the same place, the eldest son succeeding his father, from time immemorial. He had been carefully trained in the mercantile art by his father, Beaumont Saucier, who had, on retiring from business, a few years before, transferred to him the real estate, goods, credits and good will of the old establishment.

*The descendents of this family in France have retained the original spelling of their name–Saussier, pronounced So-se-a. During the early agitation for revision of the Dreyfus trial, in 1897, frequent mention was made in public prints of "General Saussier, Military Governor of Paris". In the press despatches from Paris there appeared this paragraph: "Paris, January 16, 1898. One hundred and twenty-six patriotic and military Societies held a demonstration to day in the Place Vendome in honor of General Gustave Saussier, Commander-in-Chief of the French Army, and Military Governor of Paris, who now retires under the age limit."

Jean Beaumont Saucier was then, in 1700, about twenty-five years of age; was happily married, and in the enjoyment of life's chief blessings, in the venerable family home situated midway between the house of Joan D'Arc and the ancient city wall. His only brother, Felix Xavier Saucier, a few years his senior, had chosen the military profession, and was then an officer in the Royal Guards at Versailles.

In the passing of time, with its swiftly shifting scenes and ceaseless changes, two sons were born to Monsieur and Madame Jean Beaumont Saucier; the first receiving the name of Louis Beaumont Saucier, and the other that of Paul. The thrifty young merchant was now blessed with possession of all the choicest gifts of life—health, success in business, friends in abundance, an angelic wife and two promising children. The world seemed to him radiant with joy, and the future full of buoyant hope. But suddenly a deep shadow fell upon his bright and happy home; caused by one of those subtle strokes of Fate, or inexorable Law, so difficult to reconcile with generally accepted theories of Omniscient mercy and goodness. By an accidental fall, down a tortuous stairway in the rambling old mansion, the young wife and mother received injuries that caused her death in a few hours.

M. Saucier was almost distracted by the shock, and for a long time was broken down by the intensity of his grief. But time compassionately assuages the pangs of suffering it inflicts, and mitigates the acutest sorrow. The terrible blow fully tested the young mer-

chant's power of mental endurance; but he survived it, finding solace in the care and education of his children, and preparing them for the great battle of life before them.

The elder of the two, Louis Beaumont, destined to succeed his father, and perpetuate the Saucier mercantile house, received, at Paris, as thorough business training as was at that time practicable to obtain. Paul, who was gifted with his mother's gentle disposition, in course of time, was educated for the Church; and, after taking holy orders, was installed as assistant priest in the old Cathedral of his native city.

The time at length approached when M. Saucier, according to ancient family custom, would retire from the active management of his business, and relinquish it to his son, Louis. The thought of leaving the old homestead where he was born, hallowed by so many tender and endearing memories, cast a shadow of melancholy upon his mind, and induced a feeling of indescribable lonesomeness. He had purchased a little estate a few miles from Orleans, and fitted it up to suit his tastes, contemplating passing there the remainder of his days. This change of residence removed him but a few miles from the city; yet, it separated him for the greater part of time from his sons, and isolated him in the silence and solitude of the country, with servants as his only associates. This condition, contrasted with his former active life on the busy, noisy street; with genial, pleasant surroundings, seemed to him intolerable, and suggested — as is often the case

with old widowers—the desirability of securing a sympathetic companion to share his elegant retirement.

While revolving the propriety of this momentous step in his mind an amusing incident occurred that dispelled any doubts or misgivings he may have entertained on the subject; and, like a stroke of magic, relieved him of all ennui and despondency. For years horseback riding had been his favorite exercise for the promotion of health, and relaxation from long hours of mental and physical business drudgery.

Mounted on his trusty horse, one fine evening in early summer, he cantered out beyond the limits of the old town, as was his custom, and turned his course into the great forest, preserved there for ages in its primitive wildness, to enjoy a view of nature in one of its grand and majestic forms. As he rode on he became so absorbed in the freshness and fragrance of the budding and blooming shrubs, and the wide-spreading leafy branches of the stately old trees, the chattering of squirrels and songs of birds; and, perhaps, in deep reveries of more tender kind, that he lost all note of time, direction and distance, and wandered on, along by-ways and obscure paths, until the light of day was fast disappearing. Great fields of black clouds now floated up from the south and overspread the sky; and, soon, intense darkness ushered in the approaching night.

He had often before ridden through the forest, and was familiar with the windings of its roads; but now, unable to see any object to guide his course, he realized the fact that he was lost. It was not, how-

ever, his first experience of this sort. He had before lost his way in the forest at night, when, trusting to the sagacity of his horse, the faithful animal had safely and speedily carried him out of the dungeon-like gloom back to his home. He now dropped the reins, and, holding fast to the pommel of his saddle, bowed his head and urged his horse forward. Cautiously and steadily his four-footed servant pursued his course, across ravines, up one hill and down to another, turning now to the right, then to the left, and again straight on through the dense blackness that surrounded them. In his dreamy meandering before sunset, M. Saucier must have penetrated far into the depths of the old woods; for an hour or more had passed since his horse had commenced its unguided effort to retrace his course. So long indeed, that his confidence in the animals' instinct began to waver, and the horrid thought occurred to him that all this groping in the dark had been aimless, and that every step, perhaps, carried them farther into the interior of the vast wilderness. He began mentally to debate the advisability of stopping there, where he was, to await the return of day, when the rumbling of distant thunder, and flashes of blinding lightning, portending an advancing storm, strengthened his resolution to proceed yet a little farther. Just then the clatter of the horses' hoofs, and his accellerated gait, proved that he had reached a broad, well-beaten road. In a few minutes a glimmering light in the distance revived the despairing traveler's drooping spirits.

The light, when approached, was found to eman-

ate from the window of a farm house. M. Saucier, though his horse manifested no disposition to slacken his brisk pace, concluded to stop and dispel his utter bewilderment by inquiring of the inmates of the house his exact whereabouts. Dismounting, he made out a gate that obstructed his course to the light. Securing his horse to the fence, he entered the premises and walked up a graveled way to the veranda, which now the interior light, and fitful lightning, disclosed from the impenetrable darkness. He had advanced to within a few steps of the house, when, to his utter amazement, a female figure came bounding from the door to meet him. She threw her arms around his neck, and kissing him fervently, exclaimed: "Oh, Papa! I am so glad you have come. You were so late getting home, I was fearful you had met with some accident."

Recovering from his surprise, and comprehending the young lady's mistake, he replied, "You are mistaken, Madame; I am not your father; but be not alarmed. I am Monsieur Saucier, a merchant on Rue Dupont, in Orleans; and having lost my way I stopped here on seeing the light in your window, to inquire where I am, and by what road I may the most speedily get back to my home." The young lady was obviously much confused; but regaining her composure, invited her accidental guest into the house, where he at once discovered her identity, and recovered his lost bearings.

Much to his relief he saw before him Mam'selle Adelaide Trotier, daughter of his old friend and patron, Jaques Trotier; and was in a house he had fre-

quently before visited, situated on Trotier's farm, not quite a league from the old city wall. The girl explained that her father had gone to town early in the afternoon; and that she was anxiously expecting his return when she heard M. Saucier open the gate and come up the walk; and that she was feeling very uneasy about his protracted absence; as he was very seldom detained in town to so late an hour. She had scarcely finished her last sentence when a step was heard on the veranda, and the door was opened by M. Trotier; who was no little astonished upon the unexpected meeting with his friend there. Explanations followed, and though the belated merchant was hospitably pressed to remain until morning, he declined, and, mounting his impatient horse, arrived at his own home as the threatened rain began to fall.

The adventures of that evening—most probably that impetuous kiss he received in the dark—wrought a notable change in M. Saucier's train of thought; and, also, in his plans for the future. His depression of spirits vanished and was replaced by marked cheerfulness. His equestrian excursions became more frequent and less extended, usually terminating at the Trotier farm. In short, it was soon noticed by his intimate associates that he had once more capitulated to Cupid, and, when, a few months later, his nuptials with the motherless Mam'selle Adelaide Trotier were announced in the Church, it elicited a variety of gossiping comments, but no surprise. The young lady was twenty-four years of age, handsome, tall and muscular; with some education and much amiability and sweetness of

disposition. M. Saucier was then fifty-two years old —a little passed the middle period of life, but in the prime of vigorous manhood.

The union of a man, some years passed the meridian of his probable existence, to a lady several years less than half his age, is usually—and justly—regarded as a violation of the natural order of things, and a consummate act of folly on the part of both. Yet, marriage under any auspices—the most flattering, or least promising—is always, in its happiness-producing results, a mere matter of lottery—an untried experiment.

CHAPTER II.

Four leagues below Orleans, on the right, or northern bank of the river, is situated the pretty little village Lachapelle; and half a league beyond it, nestled in the vine-clad hills overlooking the picturesque valley of the Loire for miles, was the tasty, yellow-roofed cottage of M. Saucier, where himself and bride were domiciled a few weeks after their marriage. Their ticket in the matrimonial lottery, fortunately, drew the highest prize; for, notwithstanding the disparity of their ages, their natures were compatible, and their days were redolent with unmarred happiness.

The doctrine of special Providence perhaps cannot be sustained; but surely none will deny the special

mercy vouchsafed poor humanity in its total impotency to penetrate the future. With this knowledge given to mortals, suicide would depopulate the earth; without hope life would be a dreary blank. Among the many useful articles M. Saucier had taken with him to the country from his town residence, was his factotum, Pierre Lepage, a young man of unexceptionable habits, industrious, honorable and strictly reliable. Moreover, he was a broad-gauged optimist, with splendid flow of spirits and humor. Pierre was installed as general manager of the little estate, and saw to trimming the vines, pruning the trees, cultivating the garden and miniature fields, and took care of the pigs, the poultry, the cows and horses All the day he was busy from dawn till bed-time; and was usually singing or whistling when not talking or laughing; and if not working or eating, was often fiddling or dancing.

The sentiment of love is not contagious as measles or whooping cough, but may be communicated by example or association. Pierre was exposed to this infection, and was a very susceptible subject to its influence. The connubial bliss he daily witnessed in the cottage profoundly impressed him, and strengthened his conviction that it is not best for man to dwell alone. He pondered the matter over for some time, and the more he thought about it the more assiduous he became in his devotions; or rather in his attendance at church. Heretofore the priest had, on several oc-

casions, reprimanded him for his neglect of this duty, and Pierre always excused himself on the plea of want of time. Now, however, he was, every Sabbath, the first one at the church door, and was a frequent caller at the priest's residence during week days, especially in the evenings. His neighbors, and the villagers, were for a time considerably surprised at this sudden manifestation of zealous piety, and began to surmise that Pierre's sins must be weighing heavily upon his conscience. This view seemed confirmed when he was seen to enter the confessional, supposedly to invoke the holy man's aid in lifting the burden from his sin-stricken soul. But they were mistaken. About all that Pierre had to confess to Father Jarvais was the fact that he was in love with his sister, Mam'selle Marie Jarvais; and that what he needed to ensure his happiness, and incidentally that of the young lady also, was not absolution so much as the good Father's consent to their union. This he obtained, and in due time they were married.

A year and a half had passed since M. Saucier had inducted his blooming young bride in their new home, and the passing days and months had brought to her increasing joy and happiness, and rose-tinted anticipations of a future blessing that would add new charms to that home, and gladden the hearts of its inmates. But, oh; how merciful it was for their sanguine hopes that no power could reveal to them the hidden calamity the future had in store for them.

On July 25th, 1726, the event occurred to which they had looked forward with glowing expectations, not unmixed with, very natural, feelings of anxiety. On that day a son was born to them; and, for a short time it seemed that heaven had smiled upon them in the realization of their fondest wishes. The young mother had received the congratulations of her delighted husband and sympathetic friends and relatives around her; and had impressed on her infant's lips an impassioned kiss, when she was suddenly seized with horrible, agonizing convulsions, that continued at short intervals, baffling the skill of physicians and unceasing efforts of heroic nurses, until death mercifully relieved her of her suffering.

Marie Lepage, whose honeymoon had scarcely passed, remained resolutely by the stricken young woman's bedside, rendering every service in her power, until the awful scene was closed; and then took charge of the motherless child, constituting herself its foster mother and most affectionate and devoted nurse.

It is needless here to dwell upon the effect of this great bereavement upon Monsieur Saucier. Its crushing shock can much more readily be imagined than described. This pitiless stroke wellnigh bereft his life of every charm and hope. But from the almost intolerable misfortune there yet remained to him one incentive to live, and to continued exertion. The young life consigned to his love and care by the holy affection and confidence of the one who gave her life for it,

demanded, and must receive, his unsparing attention for the balance of his declining years.

One bright Sunday morning the babe was taken down to the village church and baptized by Father Jarvais, receiving the name of Jean Baptiste Saucier, with Pierre and Marie Lepage enjoying the special privilege and honor of appointment as his god-father and god-mother. No more willing or faithful sponsors for the motherless child could have been selected. Under the angel-like watchfulness of Madame Lepage he thrived and grew apace, developing robust proportions, and rather more than average activity and intelligence.

Three years had passed over the house of mourning when the gloom of its great sorrow was measurably dispelled and enlivened by a gleam of joy, this time unattended, or followed by casualty or disaster. To Pierre and Marie was born a daughter, which event the proud father lost no time in heralding throughout the neighborhood and village. All went well, and the sunlight of love and joy again illuminated the cottage. The time for another baptism was soon at hand. By this time Pierre's exuberance of happiness had settled down sufficiently to permit him to think coherently, and he asked Marie if she had yet thought of a name for their girl.

"Yes, Pierre, I have", she said; "as a testimonial of our respect and affection for the sainted dead, and a token of gratitude to M. Saucier for the kindness

and benefits we have received at his hands, I think we should name our child Adelaide; don't you?"

"Indeed I do, Marie", said Pierre, "and for the additional reason that Adelaide was my good old grandmother's name also."

And, so, the child received that name; but for convenience it was abridged to Adel. The two children infused new life and light in the cottage; and it regained much of its former cheerful home-like appearance. They were reared together as brother and sister, sharing alike the love and tender care of the young mother, and of Pierre and the old gentleman. In time they grew strong enough to follow Pierre about when at work in the garden, or among the vines, and to ride with him in the cart to and from the fields. And when Marie dressed them out in gay attire, M. Saucier experienced great pleasure and pride in taking them with him in his gig on his frequent visits to the village, where they were petted and admired by friends and relatives. In course of time they daily walked to the village together, when the weather was fair, the boy carrying their dinner basket, and attended the village school, and learned the catechism. It was a long walk; but as other children joined them along the road, they enjoyed the exercise and were benefitted by it. In bad weather, or muddy roads, Pierre bundled them in his cart and took them to the school house, and returned for them when school was dismissed in the evening.

Jean Baptiste rapidly grew to be a manly lad; stout, athletic and courageous. He learned quickly, was fond of active sports, and, though neither ill-tempered or quarrelsome, was not slow to resent an insult, or redress a wrong. In consequence, he often had occasion to test his muscular power, and was not long in being accorded the pugilistic championship of the school.

Adel was of quiet and retiring disposition, but brave and spirited enough to admire her foster-brother's knightly traits. They were brought up, as their parents and ancestors had been, in the Catholic faith, and together received elementary religious instruction at Father Jarvais' parochial school; and together they knelt at the altar in their first Communion.

But the happy childhood days were fleeting, and the inevitable time at length arrived decreeing their separation, and diverging their young lives into different channels. The boy would ere long have to assume his part in the serious drama of life, and needed to be well prepared for it. He had exhausted the old village teacher's resources and learning, and must seek higher instruction at the Academy in Orleans. He left his home for the first time and though his destination was but a few miles away, the leave taking left no dry eyes in the cottage. He visited his home at the close of each week; yet, his absence left a dreary void that dampened the hilarity of the family circle.

He was graduated at the Academy at the head of

his class, and then accompanied his father to Paris, to visit his uncle, Col. Felix Xavier Saucier, and to see the many attractive sights visible in the splendid metropolis. It is a family tradition that Col. Saucier bound the boy's hands together behind his back with a handkerchief, when he took him through the great palace at Versailles, in order to restrain his intense desire to touch or handle the swords and other glittering arms he saw there at every turn.

Jean Baptiste was so captivated by the fine martial bearing of Colonel Saucier, and the perfect discipline and gorgeous appearance of his regiment of Royal Guards, that he determined then and there to emulate his uncle's course in the profession of arms; and to consecrate his life to the cause of his king and his country. His natural aptitude for that calling, and erect, soldierly figure, won the Colonel's admiration and encouragement. After much persuasion he gained his father's consent; then through the influence and efforts of his uncle, was admitted into the Royal Military School as a cadet.

This disruption of home ties—destined to be prolonged indefinitely—cast upon the inmates of the cottage overlooking the Loire a deeper cloud of sadness. M. Saucier wandered about the fields and vineyards aimlessly as though lost, and Adel wept in secret. Pierre was not so jolly as of old, and had frequent moments of serious reflection. And poor Marie, diligent as ever with her routine domestic affairs, often blamed

the onions, or mustard, or the dust or smoke, for bringing tears to her eyes that she wiped away with her apron.

Jean Baptiste was too thoroughly engrossed in his studies and duties to be homesick. His excellent scholarship, assiduous application and intellectual alertness enabled him to readily master the curriculum and training of L'Ecole Militaire; from which he emerged at the early age of twenty-two with a commission of Lieutenant of Engineers in the King's military service.

He returned to his cottage home on a brief leave of absence, arrayed in the tinseled trappings of his newly attained rank, a superb type of physical manhood and gallant soldier. All gazed on him with pride, and feelings akin to adoration. Pierre no longer called him pet names, but doffed his hat in respectful obeisance; and Marie, in happy amazement, addressed him as *Monsieur* Jean Baptiste. Adel could scarcely realize that the handsome young military officer, in showy uniform, now before her, was the impetuous boy companion of her childhood; and she awoke to the consciousness that her sisterly affection for him had somehow changed to a different and loftier sentiment. This discovery caused her to be strangely demure and reserved in his presence. Too soon the limit of his furlough expired; and he received orders from the War Department at Paris, to report for duty at once to Major Makarty at Brienne. Then came the trying ordeal

of taking final leave of his dear old home where he had passed all the early and happiest years of his life, and of the loved ones he was destined never to see again.

Feeling his fortitude about to desert him, he tore himself away, after receiving the tremulous blessing of his gray-haired father, the tearful farewell of big-hearted Pierre, and fervent embrace of his beloved foster-mother, Marie, and lastly, the parting kiss of Adel; now a charming maiden with lustrous black eyes, rosy cheeks and queenly figure, who, with mighty effort, repressed her tears until the young soldier had disappeared down the winding road leading to the village.

CHAPTER III.

In the autumn of 1718, Pierre Duque Boisbriant, recently appointed Commandant of the Illinois, by the Company of the Indies, arrived at Kaskaskia with a detachment of troops for the purpose of constructing a fort in that region to protect the Company's interests there, and the French colonists in that portion of New France. Boisbriant, a Canadian by birth, and cousin of Bienville, then Governor of Louisiana, arrived at Mobile on the 9th of February, 1718. Proceeding to Biloxi he there made his preparations, and then commenced his long voyage up the great river, which he accomplished by fall without incident of note. Gov. Bienville and a colony of French accompanied him

from Mobile to a point on the east bank of the Mississippi, thirty leagues above its mouth, where they founded a post they named Iberville, subsequently renamed New Orleans.

The site selected by Boisbriant for his fort in the Illinois, was near the east bank of the Mississippi, on the flat alluvial bottom land, sixteen miles above Kaskaskia; having a long slough, or lake, the remains of an ancient channel of the river, on the east midway between it and the bluffs four miles away. This slough, he supposed, would add materially to the strategic strength of the position. The fort he erected there was a wooden stockade reinforced on the interior with earth taken from the excavations of the exterior moats. It was completed in 1720, and named Fort de Chartres, as a compliment to the Regent, whose son was Le Duc de Chartres.

This fort was for many years the *chef-lieu*, or seat of civil as well as military government of the Illinois district embracing the territory from the mouth of the Ohio to Canada between the Mississippi and Wabash rivers. In 1731, the Company of the West failed and surrendered their charter to the king. The Illinois was by this act receded to the crown of France.

For the protection of Kaskaskia from threatened incursions of the fierce Chickasaws, below the mouth of the Ohio, a stockade fort, was in the year 1733, erected on the bluff just east of the town, and a portion of the troops at Fort Chartres were sent there to garrison it. This Kaskaskia fort has been known, erroneously, since the conquest of the Illinois by George

Rogers Clark, as "Fort Gage." Its name, and the name of its builder, are lost. It was a French fort, and when the disheartening news of the cession of the country by the craven King of France to the English, in 1763, reached the town of Kaskaskia, the indignant citizens set fire to the fort and destroyed it, determined that the hated ensign of England should not float over it. The "Fort Gage" entered by Col. George Rogers Clark, on the night of the 4th of July, 1778, was the stockaded Jesuit buildings in the town, occupied by the British under the command of M. Rocheblave.*

It is much to be regretted that so few of the records and official documents of old Fort Chartres have been preserved to reveal to us the story of its occupants in their daily life; of the stirring events, and strange, thrilling scenes transpiring there; of the busy throngs that came and went; of the military expeditions marching from its gates to repel invasions, or attack distant enemies; of the Indians lounging about

*Fort Chartres passed into possession of the English in 1765. Seven years later, in 1772, occurred an extraordinary rise of the Mississippi that inundated all the low lands along its borders. The water rose in Fort Chartres to the depth of seven feet. The northwest bastion, and greater part of the western wall fell into the river. The Fort was abandoned by the English, who took possession of the large buildings of the Jesuits in Kaskaskia, surrounding them with a stockade, which they named Fort Gage, and there established their seat of government, military and civil, for the Illinois. At the period of Capt. Bossu's second visit to Fort Chartres, in 1755, the fort on the hill, east of Kaskaskia, was garrisoned by French troops commanded by Captain Montcharvaux. It was destroyed in 1766.

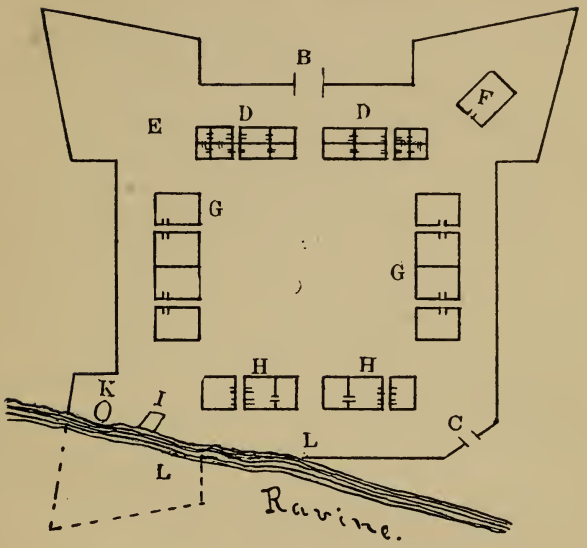
its gates, or camped near by; of the joys and sorrows, deaths and griefs, hopes and disappointments of its inmates in their remote exile from civilization.

About the close of the first half of the Eighteenth Century France and England were again at war because of a disagreement between Frederick the Great and Marie Theresa; and this produced serious disturbances in the settlements in the Illinois. Some Englishmen lurking on the Mississippi were arrested as spies and confined in the dungeon at Fort Chartres. Then rumors came of a contemplated English and Indian attack on the Fort in retaliation. Chevalier de Bartel, the Commandant of the Post was sorely perplexed. The Fort was sadly out of repair, and supplies of all sorts very nearly exhausted. Many of the soldiers of the garrison, tiring of idle confinement had deserted to try free life in the woods and prairies. "Many of the old-time Indian allies were won over by the British, and had agreed to destroy the French post during the moon of the fall of the leaf; but in this were thwarted by the skill and address of De Bartel."*

The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, gave the dissolute King of France, Louis XV, brief respite from contention with England and profitless continental wars, only to sink deeper in vice and debauchery, and to become more completely under control of the beautiful, soulless Madame de Pompadour. He had

*Old Fort Chartres. A paper read by Hon. E. G. Mason before the Chicago Historical Society, June 16th, 1880. Fergus Co., Chicago.

PLAN OF FORT CHARTRES.



B. Main gate; facing the east.
C. The river gate.
D. D. Officers' quarters, hospital and store rooms. Each 96 feet in length and 30 in breadth.
G. G. Soldiers' barracks. Two stories high, 135 feet in length and 36 feet in breadth.
H. H. Storerooms and guardhouse. Each building 90 feet long and 24 wide.
E. One of the several wells.
F. The magazine.
I. The wine and kitchen cellar.
K. The bake oven.
L. L. A ravine marking the limit of erosion by the river in 1772, and the portion of the walls then washed away.

The large council hall back of the officers' quarters, and the cavalry stables along the walls are not shown in the cut.

impoverished France by his profligacy, and support, with his armies and treasury, of his father-in-law's claims to the throne of Poland, and in the wars of the Austrian succession. Meanwhile his American colonies were utterly neglected, and some of his western military posts, including Fort Chartres, on the verge of abandonment. This latter calamity, however, was averted "when", again quoting from Mr. Mason's paper, "the Marquis de Galissoniere, Governor General of Canada, presented a memorial on the subject to the home government. He (therein) said, 'The little colony of Illinois ought not to be left to perish. The King must sacrifice for its support. The principal advantage of the country is its extreme productiveness; and its connection with Canada and Louisiana must be maintained'." Again in January, 1750, he urged upon the King the importance of preserving and strengthening the post at the Illinois; describing the country as open and ready for the plough, and traversed by an innumerable multitude of buffalos. 'And these animals', he says, 'are covered with a species of wool, sufficiently fine to be employed in various manufactories' And he further suggests, and doubtless correctly, that the buffalo, if caught, and attached to the plough would move it at a speed superior to that of the domestic ox'."

The King was at last aroused to a proper understanding of the deplorable condition of affairs in his far western possessions, and decided upon a vigorous policy to defend and retain them. He ordered Fort Chartres to be rebuilt with stone, and garrisoned with

a body of regular troops. For the reconstruction of the Fort he appropriated a million of crowns; and ordered large quantities of munitions, and other supplies, to be sent up the Mississippi at once.

In the summer of 1751, Chevalier Makarty*, a Major of the Engineer Corps, a rugged soldier of remote Irish descent, arrived at the Fort, from France, with a considerable military force and a large number of artisans and laborers, and boats ladened with tools, ammunition, arms, provisions and clothing. The Major assumed command of the post, and lost no time in beginning the great work he had been sent there to do. In this era of scientific military engineering it is difficult to imagine any reason for locating a defensive work upon such a wretched site as that selected for Fort Chartres. It was situated on sandy, alluvial soil but little elevated above the river's level, and continu-

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*This is the correct spelling of his name, as written by himself on the parish records of the Church of St. Anne of New Chartres. Of Major Makarty, who was Commandant at Fort Chartres during the very interesting period of its construction, unfortunately but little is known. Of his personal history and characteristics we know absolutely nothing. But meagre mention is made of him in any of our local histories; and the records of his official acts are lost, or stored in the state archives at Paris. In 1753, M. DuQuesne, Governor General, wrote to the Minister of Marines, at Paris, charging Commandant Makarty with illicit sales of liquor to the Indians and French settlers, and advising that he be relieved therefor of his command. But no attention was paid to this charge, and he was not relieved until 1761, and then by his own request; as, at the time, he was incapacitated for active service by reason of disability from rheumatic gout.

ually subject to the river's encroachments; with a slough between it and the river bank, and a large slough between it and the bluffs; and in the midst of pestilential malarious, mosquito-infested, swamps. And why an Engineer of Chevalier Makarty's presumed attainments erected a splendid fortress, at immense expense on the same ground is beyond comprehension, excepting on the supposition that he acted in obedience to positive instructions. His arrival at the post, with well equipped and well disciplined soldiers and their sprightly officers, accompanied by a small army of skilled mechanics and laborers, and a fleet of keel-boats of stores, produced a great sensation not only at the decayed and nearly deserted post, but all through the settlements in the Illinois. Fort Chartres awoke from its lethargy and was transformed to a scene of busy animation. The hum of a new activity resounded in the forest and distant hills. The *habitants* of the bottom were elated; and the Indians gazed upon the new arrivals in mute surprise.

Captain M. Bossu, who came up the Mississippi with a company of marines, the following spring, 1752, writing from Fort Chartres, says, "LeSieur (Jean Baptiste) Saussier, an engineer, has made a plan for constructing a new Fort here according to the instruction of the Court. It will bear the name of the old one, which is called Fort de Chartres." The stockades of the old fort were decayed beyond repair, though the buildings they enclosed were yet tenable and in fair condition. The site chosen for the new structure was not half a

leaugue above the old Fort, and but a short distance from the river*

At that point a mission for the Kaskaskia Indians had many years before been established—which was perhaps one reason for locating the new Fort there—and it served as the nucleus of quite a town at the gate of the Fort, subsequently known as Nouveau (New) Chartres.

Chevalier Makarty began operations by sending a large force of workmen to the bluffs at the nearest escarpment of limestone, about four miles east, where they built temporary quarters of logs covered with clapboards, there to blast the rock and cut the detached masses to required dimensions. "The place in the bluff may be seen to this day where the stone was quarried to erect the fort."† Another force of laborers, with carts drawn by oxen, conveyed the dressed stone, around the end of the slough, in the dry season, to the builders by the river; and in the wet season to the slough, or lagoon, across which they were ferried in flat boats, and then taken on to the required place. Be-

* I acknowledge with pleasure my indebtedness to Hon. H. W. Beckwith, President of the Illinois State Historical Society, for important references corroborating this fact, and correcting the common impression that the new fort, built of stone, was a reconstruction of the old stockade. Captain Bossu, who again visited the fort in 1755, says—in his *Travels en Louisiane*—"I came once more to the old Fort Chartres, where I lay in a hut, till I could get lodging in the new fort, which is almost finished."

†Reynold's *Pioneer History of Illinois*. "The finer stone, with which the gateways and buildings were faced, was brought from beyond the Mississippi". E. G. Mason.

side these were lime burners, mortar mixers, wood choppers and whip-sawyers, carpenters, blacksmiths, boatmen, teamsters, hunters, cooks and servants, comprising, with the soldiers, a population of several hundreds. The new fort was projected on a more modern plan than the old one, and was much larger; a quadrangle, comprising an area of four acres. The exterior walls of massive masonry, thirty inches in thickness at the base, and loop-holed for musket and artillery firing, rose sixteen feet in height, with star-shaped bastions at each corner excepting the southwestern. At that angle was a small gate for convenience of access to the river landing. The northeastern bastion having the flagstaff was higher than the others. In the southeastern bastion was situated the magazine of stone, laid in cement now as hard as flint. It is yet in sound preservation; its vertcial end walls twenty-five feet in height, closing the arch between. Its floor, seven feet below the surface, and its interior, well plastered with cement, measuring twenty-five feet by eighteen; and twenty-two feet from floor to apex of the arch. There were also long lines of barracks officer's quarters, store rooms and cavalry stables.

The period occupied in building the new fort was one of unprecedented prosperity for that portion of New France. Kaskaskia, the metropolis of the Illinois, the center of its widespread commerce, and of its wealth and industries, profited largely by its proximity to the military post. Its citizens of French lineage, were not distinguished for energy or enterprise, but were thrifty and self-reliant. With their continuous

round of mirth and festivities they were not unmindful of their own interests. Cahokia, twenty-eight miles above the fort, on the Mississippi, rivaled Kaskaskia as a trading point, was almost its equal in population, and its people were as noted for their social gaities and generous hospitality. Prairie du Rocher, settled in 1722, and nestled at the foot of a high perpendicular cliff of the bluffs, four miles east of the fort, gained much importance during the construction of the new fortification. St. Philip, founded by Renault, five miles above the old fort, on his extensive land grant, had passed the zenith of its growth, and was already known among the settlers as "Le Petite Village". New Chartres in the parish of St. Anne, near the main gate of the new fort, gained the proportions of a considerable town; having absorbed the greater part of the population of the town below, near the old fort,* with a large part of that of St. Philip, and comprised the temporary homes of the mechanics and laborers employed on the new structure; also of some of the officers and soldiers having families.

These settlements constituted an isolated community surrounded by Indians, having only periodical communication with the outside world by way of New Orleans, or the northern lakes and Quebec. They were all situated on the alluvial "bottom" of the Mis-

*"The site of this village was swept off by the Mississippi; so that not much of any vestige of it remains at this day. This village had its common field, commons for wood and pasture, its church and grave-yard, like the other settlements of Illinois." Reynolds' *Pioneer History of Illinois.*

sissippi, a region of unsurpassed fertility, teeming with wild fruits and nuts, and overrun by herds of buffalo, deer, turkeys, prairie chickens, and other varieties of game; its numerous lakes and sloughs visited by myriads of water fowls, and alive with the finest of fish. Nature lavishly supplied, in a great measure, the simple wants of the people, and left both old and young to regard the pursuit of pleasure the chief object of existence.

CHAPTER IV.

The household of the Commandant, Chevalier de Makarty,* consisted, with himself, of his son and daughter, his wife having died some years before of that entailed curse upon humanity, pulmonary consumption. The son, Maurice, acted in the capacity of his father's secretary and personal assistant. The daughter, Eulalie, a tall, slender, handsome girl of twenty summers, with very fair complexion, blue eyes and auburn hair, though French by parentage and education, possessed some marked traits of her father's Celtic ancestry, with the physical constitutional frailties of her deceased mother. As some of the officers in the Chevalier's command were accompanied by their wives and families, she had come with her father

*Much of what follows of this narrative rests upon oral family tradition, now committed to writing for the first time.

and brother, by advice of her physicians, in quest of health and vigor that a change of climate might offer.

She was by no means an invalid; and the rough, wild life at the post, for a time, greatly improved her strength and animation. In the quarters she enlivened the garrison with her music and laughter, when not engaged in amelioriating the sufferings of the sick by her kind and patient attentions. A great deal of her time was passed in the open air when the weather permitted, as she was much interested in the progress of the work, and in everything she saw in the strange new country. She had for a companion—who followed her everywhere like her shadow—a mulatto servant, named Lisette, a native of Martinique, a few years her senior in age; strong, agile as a cat, and absolutely fearless. This maid was devoted to her young mistress almost to infatuation. In pleasant weather with bright skies, the two could be daily seen together, mounted on their ponies, galloping over the prairie; or on the high bluff, viewing the grand panorama before them; or in a canoe paddled by the intrepid Lisette, on the broad Mississippi, or fishing on the marais; or gathering wild flowers, nuts, or grapes near the Fort. Occasionally some of the ladies from the officer's quarters joined them; and quite often a gallant officer, then off duty, offered his services as an escort to guard them from harm, and enjoy the young lady's smiles. Eulalie and her dusky maid needed no countersign to pass the camp sentinels; but were prudently restrained from going beyond the cordon of outriding pickets without an escort of armed horsemen.

The multitude of people at the Fort engaged in the gigantic work, and the number of officers and soldiers quartered there, rendered it an attractive place for all surrounding settlements; not only for sale of produce, and other traffic, but also for social enjoyment and pastimes. The Fort was frequently visited by parties of ladies and gentlemen from Kaskaskia, or Cahokia, or both, to spend the day in rowing, fishing, or pic-nicing, followed, after candle lighting by dancing.

Strict discipline was at all times enforced by the Commandant of the garrison. The troops were regularly drilled; sentinels and picket guards, or videttes, were constantly on duty, and the distant stone and wood workers and teamsters were guarded by squads of well armed soldiers. These precautions, apart from maintaining discipline and order, were necessary because of the defenseless condition of both forts, the old and the new, during the erection of the latter, in view of the many rumors of Indian hostilities, and possible attacks at any time by the despised English.*

*In 1752 six Indians of the Outagami, or Fox tribe, then residing west of Lake Michigan, came down the country on a hunting expedition and were captured by the Cahokia Indians, who burned five of them at the stake. The sixth one escaped to return to his people and report the fate of his companions. A council was called, and revenge determined upon. One hundred and eighty bark canoes filled with Foxes and their allies the Kickapoos and Sioux, descended the river, passing the fort at Cahokia, then commanded by Chevalier de Volsci, at night without being seen. The Cahokias and Michigamis were encamped, as Bossu says,

Lieutenant Jean Baptiste Saucier reported for duty to Major Makarty at Brienne; and there, before sailing with his command from France, received from the Minister of Marine specific instructions regarding the character of fort the king desired to be erected. During the long tedious voyage across the Atlantic, and the laborious ascent of the Mississippi, the young lieutenant was much in the company of the Major's daughter, Mam'selle Eulalie. And after their arrival at the old Fort, his relations with the Commandant continued confidential and intimate, his assignment as Chief Designer requiring his presence at headquarters much of his time. While there at work the young lady was frequently at his side, assisting in his drawings and calculations; and, when off duty, he was often her companion in morning excursions, and in the evening cotillions and waltzes. This continued association of the handsome young officer and the brilliant girl, in

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but a league from Fort Chartres; and the day on which the avengers arrived happened to be one of the numerous feast days of the Catholic church, and several of the Indians from the village had gone to Fort Chartres to witness the ceremonies of the Church there. They were all who survived the vengeance of the Foxes, who slew every man, woman and child remaining in the village, but a fifteen year old girl who ran to Capt. Bossu for protection and was not molested. Capt. Bossu says he witnessed this massacre "from an eminence near by"; but it is difficult to understand what "eminence" he found there, excepting one of the ancient prehistoric mounds, perhaps. The Foxes reascended the Mississippi river, firing their guns in triumph as they passed the Cahokia stockade.

their distant exile, naturally engendered in both sentiments of mutual regard higher and more fervent than mere respect. And indeed, with her, this sentiment gradually deepened to an absorbing passion. He would probably have fully reciprocated this feeling, but for the everpresent image before him of his childhood's playmate, schoolmate, and more than sister, the stately Adel, far away on the sun-kissed hills of the Loire. He admired Eulalie, but loved Adel.

CHAPTER V.

All through the winter and succeeding summer the adjacent forest resounded with strokes of the woodman's axe and mason's hammer; and heavy blasting of rocky cliffs above Prairie du Rocher was reechoed like distant peals of artillery. The Indians watched the progress of the work in silent amazement, and the Creole settlers were loud in praises of their good and munificent King. The second winter passed pleasantly at the Fort with no cessation of labor in preparing building materials; or interruption of the usual exchange of polite courtesies between the officers and the elite of Kaskaskia and Cahokia. Unrelaxed military vigilance was maintained; and the peace and quietude of the post was undisturbed, save by frequent false alarms of Indian uprisings, or English invasions.

The second Easter came and passed, and the snow and ice disappeared. The hickory buds were bursting

in the woods tinged with green; and the prairie lark, just up from the south, enlivened the scene with his cheery notes. One beautiful morning in the early spring, Lieutenant Saucier had passed out of the river gate, on a tour of inspection of that portion of the structure, when he was suddenly startled by the discharge of a musket and loud shrieks of the sentinel stationed on the river bank scarcely a rifle shot distant from where he stood. Rushing to the spot he saw the soldier wildly gesticulating and loudly calling for help. Glancing over the river bank, the Lieutenant saw the cause of his agitation—a sight that almost paralyzed him; but only for a moment. Eulalie and her maid, lured by the brilliance of the perfect day to resume their canoe excursions suspended during the long winter, had rowed some distance up the great stream, and returning, when but a short distance from the landing, a puff of wind blew the young lady's hat off into the water. In her effort to recover it she capsized the canoe, and the two girls were struggling for life in the turbid current of the river. Lisette was clinging to the upturned dugout with one hand, and with the other had grasped her young mistress and was endeavoring to support her head above the treacherous waves. The sentinel on duty there, a few yards away, witnessed the accident, but as he had never learned to swim, was powerless to afford help; yet, had the presence of mind to fire his gun to attract assistance.

As the Lieutenant reached the water's edge Lisette lost her hold of Eulalie who sank beneath the surface. Quick as thought, he threw aside his coat

and hat and plunged into the stream. He was an expert swimmer, and though encumbered with his clothing, and the water was very cold, he caught the girl as she was disappearing, and, by exertion that only such an emergency could inspire, succeeded in bringing her to the shore

When Lisette saw her mistress sink she quit the canoe to attempt her rescue; but the Lieutenant, who had by this time grasped the drowning girl, called to the servant to save herself, which she readily did by swimming to the bank. The report of the sentinel's gun and his frantic cries were immediately answered at the Fort by the long roll of the drum, and the company then on duty, led by its officers, came dashing to the place of supposed danger. A hand litter was quickly improvised upon which Eulalie, exhausted, pale and unconscious, but still breathing, was placed, warmly enveloped in several of the coats that nearly every member of the company divested himself of and offered for the purpose. She was hurriedly taken to her apartments, where the post surgeons, aided by all the ladies of the garrison, in time resuscitated her. From the river bank Lisette, fatigued and, of course, dripping wet, walked briskly behind the litter borne by the soldiers, and could not be induced to lose sight of her mistress until assured that all danger was passed.

Eulalie was saved from death by drowning; but the shock she received, together with the cold immersion, resulted in a severe attack of pneumonia that brought her to the verge of collapse. She was con-

fined to her room for some weeks, for several days in the balance between life and death, the beam finally turning in her favor. The wild roses and sunflowers were in bloom when she had gained sufficient strength to sit in the dearborn, or caleche, cushioned around, for exercise in the prairie in the early mornings and evenings. A cough she had contracted during the Christmas festivities became aggravated and persistent. The melancholy fact that she was now an invalid, with serious pulmonary trouble, was apparent, with but little doubt of its ultimate result.

CHAPTER VI.

Communication with France, by the residents of the Illinois, was at that era slow and uncertain. The best sailing vessels required from two to four months to cross the Atlantic; and often that leng h of time was consumed in propelling keel boats, or lighter craft, from New Orleans to Kaskaskia, or the Fort. About the same period of time was necessary for the transmission of despatches and letters by Quebec, by friendly Indians, or hardy Canadian couriers, to the Illinois settlements. Traveling by either route was irksome and laborious, and attended by many dangers, particularly when passing through hostile tribes of Indians.

Lieutenant Saucier called frequently on Eulalie, and by affecting much cheerfulness himself, sought to stimulate her hopes, and inspire her with courage.

And her spirits always revived when in his presence, or within sound of his voice.

Several weeks had passed since Eulalie's thrilling experience in the river when, one day, a courier, accompanied by several Indians, arrived at the Fort from Quebec, bringing official despatches from the Governor General, and also from the home government, and European mail for the Fort and surrounding settlements. When the Lieutenant called that evening, as usual, at the Commandant's quarters to enquire how the young lady had passed the day, and to assure her that she looked better, he received, among other letters from France, one with familiar superscription closed with a black seal, which he pretended not to notice as he hurriedly put it, with the others, in his pocket. He soon excused himself on the plea of duty, and, reaching the privacy of his room, tore the black-sealed missive open with trembling hands, and quivering lips. It was from Adel, and its contents caused a conflict of emotions; of profound grief, and joy, of sadness and pleasure, that plunged him in deep thought, oblivious to his surroundings for a long time. She informed him of the death of his father; how he calmly passed away with his two sons and military brother by his side; how his priest son had administered to him extreme unction; and how in his last conscious moments he had spoken of, and invoked the blessings of heaven upon his youngest and beloved son, now in the King's service far away in New France. She described the funeral ceremonies, and told of the great concourse of friends of the deceased that followed his body to the grave.

She then said that by this sad event her father, Pierre, would be thrown out of employment, as the estate would pass into other hands; and that he had concluded to emigrate to America and try his fortunes there. She added that hey had engaged passage in a vessel named L'Etoile du Nord, for New Orleans, and would sail from the port of Brest about the tenth of February. In a postscript she told him he need not answer her letter, as their preparations for leaving the dear old cottage were then nearly completed.

Young Saucier was deeply affected by the death of his father, though he had passed the the three score and ten allotted to humanity and succumbed to the inexorable law of nature. His grief was mitigated by the reflection that he would again meet Adel and her dear, dear parents, much sooner than his most sanguine hopes had ever permitted him to expect.

After entering the military service the Lieutenant was always reticent about his family history and relatives, and confided to no one the profound and sincere love he entertained for Adel. For reasons of his own he mentioned to no one the information Adel's letter had conveyed, excepting to tell of his father's death to Chevalier Makarty.

He was now moody, silent and reflective, in such marked contrast with his usual social, jovial disposition, as to attract the notice of his associates, who charitably attributed the change to his tender solicitude for the invalid girl in the Fort, now slowly fading away. How to dispose of Pierre and Marie when they arrived gave him no uneasiness, as he was well able

financially to situate them comfortably in any of the neighboring settlements. But there was another matter he could not so easily dispose of, that he now had to consider. He was fully aware of Eulalie's fervent regard for him; now intensified by gratitude for having saved her life at the risk of his own; and his sense of honor upbraided him for permitting her to be longer deceived respecting the true sentiments he entertained for her. He concluded he would frankly tell her that another had a prior claim to his affections. But then, Adel had never spoken or written to him of love, save that of a sister; and, for aught he knew, she might then be the plighted fiancee of another. Having nerved himself to the point of making a full disclosure of his perplexing thoughts and sentiments to Eulalie, he called upon her for that purpose. His resolution, however, failed him when, seated by her bedside, he took her feverish hand in his and looked into her shrunken, haggard face. He saw that her frail condition could not bear such a revelation; and he esteemed her too highly to subject her to the anguish of mind it would cause, and thereby endanger her slender hold upon life; and, so, postponed his intended confession to a more propitious time.

The days sped by and he continued dreamily to discharge his routine duties in silence.

The time had arrived for the annual descent of the fleet of keel boats to New Orleans for supplies for the post. The voyage that year was one of unusual importance, as engineer's reports and other weighty despatches were awaiting transmission to France, and

a considerable amount of specie, large supplies, and a company of recruits for the Fort, must be brought up from New Orleans. The annual voyages to and from New Orleans were generally in charge of a subaltern of the Commissary, or Quartermaster's department; and they were by no means mere pleasure jaunts. The lading and unloading of the boats, their navigation, controlling the crews of boatmen, and guarding against the many dangers by the way, involved grave responsibilities, and entailed many hardships, with much exposure and hard labor; requiring vigilance, prudence and great firmness. The boats commonly employed in this service, called *pirouges* by the French river men, were large, unwieldy, clumsy affairs, constructed of hewed timbers and whip sawed plank fastened together with wooden pegs. Floating with the current and the use of oars, rendered descent of the stream comparatively easy; but stemming the river's current in its ascent for over a thousand miles was accomplished only by persistent hard work. To surmount the force of the swift current for long stretches of the way, or to pass strong eddies, the boats were "cordeled"; that is, a long line was taken ashore and carried far above, where it was made fast to a tree on the river's bank. The boat was then drawn, by hand, or capstan, to that point; and this was repeated again and again until calmer water was reached, when the oars were once more plied. When practicable, the boats were drawn by the united strength of the crew walking along the shore, as horses draw canal boats. At night, when going up stream, the boats laid by in willow thickets

bordering sand bars, or islands, for safety from surprises, or night attacks, by hostile Indians.

CHAPTER VII.

The Commandant was about to detail a non-commissioned officer for that summer's voyage, when he was much surprised by receiving an application from Lieut. Saucier for this duty, While Major Makarty would not have ordered a commissioned officer for this onerous service, he was pleased when Lieut. Saucier volunteered for it; for he knew that it could not be entrusted to anyone more reliable, or more capable to conduct it successfully. Having perfected his preparations, the Lieutenant took leave of Eulalie, promising to return as soon as possible, and expressing the hope that he would find her much better when he came. His boats were furnished by the merchants of Kaskaskia and Cahokia, free of charge excepting the transportation down the river of their export produce. Some of them were loaded with lead in bars from Renault's mines at New Potosi, in the Spanish territory across the river; others carried cargos of furs obtained in trade from the Indians; others with beeswax, dried venison, buffalo meat, and other products of the country.

The Lieutenant's progress, with his fleet, down the river was rapid and without extraordinary incident. The tedium of the voyage was lightened by his

anticipations of joy in meeting, at his destination, the loved ones who had left France some months before, and were probably then at New Orleans awaiting his arrival. In imagination he pictured the surprise of Pierre and Marie upon meeting him, and wondered how Adel looked, and what she would say.

Arriving at New Orleans, after securing his boats, he eagerly enquired along the river front for the expected vessel, L'Etoil du Nord, and was grievously disappointed when told that nothing had yet been heard of it. After paying his respects to Colonel Kerlerec, the then Governor of Louisiana, he secured pleasant lodgings, and proceeded industriously to discharge the duties of his mission. The Governor courteously took charge of his despatches, to transmit them, with his own, to the Minister of Marine by special messenger. Overhauling and refitting his boats; keeping his crews of boatmen under control; receiving, receipting for, assorting and stowing away his cargos of munitions, and supplies of various kinds, occupied his time for many days. Though he was the recipient of many invitations from the Governor, officers and citizens, to dinners, balls and other social entertainments, he declined all that he well could on different pretexts, feeling that in his state of mental anxiety they would afford him no pleasure, and he could not acquit himself as a guest with credit.

He arose every morning with the sun, and took long walks along the river bank, or about the straggling town; and often during the day he scanned the great river southward hoping to catch sight of an in-

coming ship. Occasionally he was elated by seeing in the distance a sail slowly moving toward the landing. With feverish impatience he awaited its arrival, to be again overcome with disappointment when it proved to not be the vessel he was expecting, nor bringing any news of it. One evening, after an unusually busy day, he again, as was now his custom, sought the river side, with a lingering hope of perhaps gaining some tidings of those he longed to see. As he approached the river he was astonished on seeing a large ship moored near the wharf, from which its passengers and their luggage were being put ashore. The setting sun had touched the line of verdure that fringed the western river bank; and its departing rays converted the broad surface of the stream into a sheet of burnished gold. The resplendent beauty of the scene; however, was lost to the Lieutenant as he hurried to the water's edge to see the name of the vessel. He saw it painted in large letters above the rudder, and almost sank from revulsion of overwrought hope again blasted The name he read was not "L'Etoile du Nord", but "La Cygne", and, as he soon learned, from Bordeaux, France, having touched on the way in at Fort Royale, in Martinique. Rallying his drooping spirits he clambered aboard to make inquiries for the object of his weary watching. Accosting the Commander of the vessel, he asked if he could give him any information of "L'Etoile du Nord" that sailed from Brest four months ago. The burly old seaman, apprised by the questioner's uniform that he was a military officer in

the King's service, touched his cap, and answered courteously, regretting that he knew nothing of the ship; but said his Commis (Purser) over there perhaps did; and added, so far as he knew, that craft had not been heard from since it left the French port. The Purser, a brisk young man, busy with pencil and entry book, overheard the question and the Captain's answer, and without looking up from his book and papers, said, "Is it of the French ship, L'Etoile du Nord, Monsieur is enquiring?"

"Oui, oui", gasped the Lieutenant, "can you tell me where she now is?"

"Yes"; answered the young man, between rapid strokes of his pencil, "she is in the bay of St. Pierre, in Martinique, undergoing repairs; having had a disastrous transit of the ocean. One of her passengers who came aboard this ship at Fort Royale, and has not yet gone ashore, can probably give you any additional information you may desire".

With a great effort to appear calm the Lieutenant asked the busy Commis if he would be so kind as to point out to him the person mentioned.

"Certainly, Monsieur; there is the man, in white clothing and broad brimmed hat; sitting on the chest by the main mast."

The individual in white clothing, a middle aged man of gaunt frame, with grizzled hair and thin, sallow face, evidently emaciated by prolonged sickness, was instantly confronted by the agitated young officer, who asked:

"Was you a passenger from France on L'Etoile du Nord?"

"Yes, Monsieur, I was", the man dryly answered.

"Tell me, please, were Pierre Lepage and his family on that vessel?" was the next anxious inquiry.

"They were", said the man with ominous emphasis on the "were".

"Can you inform me where they now are?" faintly asked the questioner.

"Yes, Monsieur, I can", replied the weary looking individual, "they are all three dead and at the bottom of the sea".

"Mon Dieu!" gasped young Saucier, "that surely cannot be possible".

"Yes; it is indeed possible, and too true. Did you know them, Monsieur?"

To this question the Lieutenant responded that he did.

"Pardon me, Monsieur", added the stranger, eyeing him closely, "may I ask who you are?"

"I am Jean Baptiste Saucier, from Lachapelle, near Orleans, in France, now in the King's military service".

"Ah, yes, yes", remarked the man musingly, "and so you was not slain by the Indians? I see how you knew Pierre Lepage and wife. They kept house for your father, whom I knew well; and I remember you when a school boy at the village near by your father's place. My name is Isadore Brusier. I lived in Tours, and my business occasionally called me to Or-

leans, and there I became acquainted with your father and his son Louis''——

''Pardon me, Monsieur Brusier'', interrupted Jean Baptiste, ''but please tell me of the fate of the Lepages''.

''Ah! Mon cher enfant'', feelingly replied M. Brusier, becoming quite communicative, now that he knew to whom he was talking, ''I have a very sad story to tell you. You have, I presume, heard of the death of your father? Yes; well, after his burial, his estate was sold for partition and passed into possession of strangers; so Lepage concluded to leave France and seek a new home in America. About that time—fortunately after your father's death—the report came that you had been killed in battle with the savages. This report, believed by all to be true, very nearly caused Lepage to give up the voyage and remain in France,—and would to God that he had done so! But his preparations were completed, and he went to Brest with his wife and daughter and took passage on the ill-fated ship on which my brother and myself embarked.

''The voyage, though tedious, was not unpleasant until we had traversed about two-thirds of the way, when we were struck by a terrific storm, coming from the northeast, that continued with unabated fury, for six days. Two of the seamen were washed, or blown, away, as was also the main mast; and the ship sprung a leak that threatened to sink us to the bottom. We could do nothing but keep the vessel in line with the course of the gale, and that carried us far out of our way in the direction of Brazil. It is well that L'Etoile

du Nord was staunch and well built, else none of us would have ever reached dry land—and not many of us did, as it turned out.

"But we all worked the pumps, night and day, and kept afloat. When the storm at length abated, and the raging sea subsided, the leak in the hull was securely closed, and by crowding on all the sails the two remaining masts could carry, we regained our course and made fair headway, being driven by the African tradewinds. All this was bad enough; but as nothing compared to what fate yet had in store for us.

"What with calms, and storm and very slow sailing we had been on the sea for three months or more. Our supplies of water and provisions were running low; but we were all well, and buoyed up by the expectation of soon sighting some one of the West India Islands. The weather was intensely hot and the little water remaining in our casks was scarcely fit to drink. Suddenly, one day, one of the passengers was taken violently sick, and soon died. Then another was prostrated with the same symptoms and lived but a short time. Then we realized the appalling fact that the plague* had broken out among us and we were doomed to destruction by this horrid pestilence. Lepage was among the first victims, and lived but twenty-four hours. He was always jovial and good humored; and by his fine flow of spirits, had materially mitigated the dreariness of the voyage, and greatly aided in sustaining the flagging hopes and courage of

*Probably a virulent form of yellow fever.

all on board throughout all our troubles. We gently lowered his body into the sea; but had no time to indulge our grief, as he was quickly followed by others.

"The terrible disease attacked the strong as well as the weak; the old and the young alike, with pitiless severity. The only mercy it extended was to render its victims speedily unconscious The ship's captain, surgeon, half the crew, and more than half of the passengers fell before the awful scourge and were consigned to the deep. Madame Lepage, who had been untiring in ministering to the sick and dying, was spared for some time; but, at length she was stricken down and soon breathed her last, following Pierre to an unmarked grave. We were now approaching the islands, and very eager to reach land — any land—so that those of us who survived might abandon the infected vessel and flee to the shore for our lives. Only a day and a night after we had given to the waves the body of Marie Lepage, her daughter, Adel, already exhausted by grief and attention to the sick, was seized by the dreadful epidemic, and quickly succumbed to its deadly virulence. I was bathing her head with sea water, in her death struggles, when all at once I felt very sick. The ship seemed to be rapidly whirling around; everything became dark, and I fell to the deck unconscious.

"When I awoke, as though from a long, troubled sleep, I was in a large shed-like house thatched with palm leaves, on the highlands in the northern part of the island of Martinique, where my brother, who was

of the number who escaped the plague, had me immediately brought, from the ship—we having entered the Bay of St. Pierre, in that island a few hours after I had fallen. There he and others took care of me until I recovered. My brother having secured employment at Fort Royale will remain there until winter and then join me here where we will engage in business. As soon as the anchor was dropped in the Bay of St. Pierre my brother had me carried to the northern part of the island—as far as he could go from the death smitten ship—without stopping; and I have seen none of our shipmates since. I learned, however, before leaving Fort Royale, that L'Etoile du Nord was at once deserted by all the survivors aboard, and is still in the Bay of St. Pierre being thoroughly repaired."

CHAPTER VIII.

Lieutenant Saucier sat as though stupefied while listening to Monsieur Brusier's startling narrative, and only by a mighty effort could he control his emotions when the narrator depicted the closing scene of Adel's young life. How he left the La Cygne and got back to his quarters in the town he never could remember. In the solitude of his room he contended with his great grief through the sleepless, restless night. He was literally prostrated with the weight of sorrow that taxed all his fortitude to bear. His glowing day dreams were cruelly dissipated, and even hope had

vanished and left him dismally alone in the world with nothing further to live for. The next morning was ushered in with rain; and dense black clouds covered the sky like a pall, as though the very elements were testifying their sympathy with the young soldier's woeful wretchedness. Pleading indisposition, he remained in his room and excused himself to all who called on him. In the evening a messenger from the Governor informed him that the company of recruits for the force at Fort Chartres, he was expecting, had arrived, and begged him to call at the executive office next morning to arrange for their transportation up the river. This had some effect to divert his mind from, and somewhat relieve it of the dark gloom that had fallen upon him.

The next morning, he arose early, as usual, resolved, if possible, not to be overcome by his misfortunes; but to assert his manhood, and continue the conflicts of life with all the firmness he possessed. At the appointed hour he called at the Governor's office with little, if any, external indication of the soul-racking torture he was enduring. Arrangements for additional boats and provisions were perfected in a few days; and then, having neither incentive or disire to longer remain in the melancholy place, he hurried the preparations for his departure as rapidly as possible. In less than a week after his interview with the Governor he was ready to start, courting, rather than dreading, the perils and hardships that he knew awaited him.

As the prevailing winds at that time of the year are from the south, Lieutenant Saucier concluded to

try the experiment, when they blew with sufficient force from that direction, of utilizing them in propelling his boats. Accordingly he caused a light, strong and movable mast to be stepped in each of his pirogues, rigged with spars and sails. Several of his recruits, enlisted about the seaport towns of France, were familiar with the management of sailboats, and these he installed as his navigators.

At length all was in readiness; his bills were all settled; his cargoes snugly stowed in the boats, and his round of farewell calls ended. His men were in superb condition for service; and at the dawn of one of the closing days of July, he left New Orleans with his fleet having every sail set and and a stiff breeze from the Gulf. Not a sail was furled during the entire day, and they proved valuable adjuncts to the oars. The sun in setting must have passed the new moon; as it appeared in the early twilight a little way above the western horizon, and was pronounced by the sages among the crews, a "dry" moon, augering a propitions voyage and pleasant weather. The river was at that season at its lowest stage, and its current, in consequence, at its slowest rate; so, the progress of the flotilla, if not rapid, was quite satisfactory. In propelling the boats the men had regular relays at the oars; and when off duty, some slept, others fished, and a few with musical talent, enlivened the toil of their comrades with exhilerating strains of the violin.

Everything went well until the mouth of the Arkansas was passed. Indians at several places along

the river, had come to the boats in their canoes in friendship, to beg; or to barter game they had killed for calico and brass oranaments; but though manifesting no unfriendly disposition then they were known to be treacherous and utterly unreliable. To guard against night attacks of hostile savages ashore—for there was no danger whatever from them in midstream, or in day time—keelboatmen cautiously landed on one side of the river in the evening, or on an island, and there made fires and prepared their meals. Then extingnishing the fires, resumed their course for a short distance, and tied up on the opposite shore until morning.

On the evening of the fourth day after having passed the mouth of the Arkansas river, the sky became heavily overcast with dark clouds; and the rumbling thunder and vivid lighting were sure harbingers of an approaching storm. The boats that had been tied up on the Arkansas side of the river for the evening repast, were hastily cast loose, and, as customary, rowed to the opposite side, in the rain and darkness, and made fast to the overhanging trees there for the night. Not an Indian had been seen during the day on either side of the river; or any indication of their presence observed anywhere. By the time the boats were secured to the river bank, and the tarpaulins drawn over each, the rain desended in torrents, and continued for the greater part of the night.

At early dawn next morning, the rain had ceased, but the sky was still obscured by clouds, and the air

was hot and sultry. The men, glad to escape from the sweltering confinement of the boats; leaped ashore with the first rays of light in the east, and began to kindle fires to prepare their breakfast. A few of them had the precaution to take their arms with them as they left the boats, probably from force of habit. Of this number was Lieutenant Saucier, who never went ashore without his trusty carbine. While all were busily engaged in search of fuel dry enough to feed flickering fires, they were suddenly assailed by a shower of bullets from the surrounding trees and undergrowth, followed by a chorus of unearthly yells and whoops; as a large body of hideously painted savages rushed wildly upon them The few Frenchmen armed stood their ground, and with steady aim returned the fire of their assailants as they advanced, then clubbing their guns went fearlessly into the fight. Those without their arms fled to the boats to secure them; and very soon returned with the balance of their comrades who had not before landed; all well armed, and lost no time in coming to the support of those holding the Indians at bay. They charged upon the horde of red demons, who had not had time to reload their guns, with such fury, that they fell back, and scattered in full retreat. In this brief but spirited engagement the Frenchmen fought with the courage and precision of well-trained veterans. They followed up the advantage their first charge gave them, and advanced in quick time; firing at the retreating foe as long as one of them could be seen. At the first appearance of the Indians, Lieutenant Saucier fired and killed the one nearest him; then seizing his carbine by its

muzzle he brained the next one, and struck right and left, at the same time cheering his men on, until his reinforcements came up, when he led them on until the enemy was dispersed. He was twiced wounded, but not seriously, and was not aware of having received any injury until the fight was all over. The Frenchmen lost but one man; one of the new recruits was killed; but several of the others were more or less severely wounded. Several of the Indians were left dead on the ground, and several more so badly wounded they could not escape and they, the infuriated boatmen despatched without mercy. They breakfasted without further molestation, then pushed off, continuing their voyage, taking with them the body of the dead soldier which they buried at evening on the western side of the river. The wounded were made as comfortable as possible, and they proceeded, with more caution, and without further incident or accident, to their destination.

CHAPTER IX.

The first frosts of early autumn had tinged the dark green maples with scarlet and gold, and the ripening hickory nuts and pecans were beginning to fall, when the long line of boats were drawn up to the fort landing. The commander of the successful expedition, who had not yet recovered entirely from his wounds, looked haggard and careworn. Leaving the boats, he marched the recruits, not disabled from wounds or

sickness, to the barracks, and then repaired to the Commandant's quarters. His knock at the door was answered by Lisette who to his hurried inquiries, told him her young mistress was very low, and daily failing in vitality; also, that as long as she could speak she had asked about him every day, and prayed that she might see him again before she was called away to her mother. Following the devoted servant into the sick chamber he was shocked upon seeing the ravages wrought by the unrelenting disease during his absence. The sunken cheeks flushed with hectic fever, the glistening eyes, the cruel, persistent cough and hot, dry hands, plainly told that the fair young girl was doomed and her life nearing its close. She spoke his name in a husky whisper as she extended her thin bloodless hand, and a gleam of radiant joy lighted her wan features when he pressed her hand and implanted a kiss upon her forehead. She was too far exhausted to speak to him; but the mute eloquence of her expression assured him that his presence afforded her real comfort and happiness. Almost heartbroken already by M. Brusier's narrative, the pathetic sadness of Eulalie's condition very nearly overpowered him. All the strength he could command was required to control his feelings while by her side, and not add to her distress by an exhibition of emotional weakness. With great effort he appeared cheerful, and tried to speak to her in the pleasant, airy strain of other days—and partially succeeded. But he could not long sustain this unnatural simulation, and, with a promise to call again in a short time, he took leave of her and hurried

to his own quarters, and there found relief in unmanly tears that could no longer be repressed.

The arrival of the boats with stores, mails and recruits, was an exciting event an the Fort. From the Commandant down to the servants, all were elated and eager to hear an account of the voyage, and learn what was going on in the outer world. The pirogues were unloaded and sent back to Kaskaskia; the sick and wounded were carried to their separate wards in the hospital; the munitions were safely placed in the magazine, and other supplies in the store rooms; and the voluminous mail matter promptly distributed. Lieutenant Saucier was weak and still suffering from his wounds, and sorely depressed in mind; but refused to be billeted, by the post surgeon, to the hospital, and applied himself as diligently as his condition permitted to writing the report of his transactions in New Orleans, and of his fight with the Indians, and all other important incidents of his memorable descent and ascent of the great river. He visited Eulalie every day as often as his duties admitted, and experienced some assuagement of the oppressive affliction he was bearing in silence, by his efforts to soothe and mollify the fleeting hours of her waning life. He recounted his adventures on the river, and told her of amusing incidents and strange sights he had witnessed at New Orleans; and by interesting her in that way sought to detract her attention from the gloom and misery of her mournful fate.

A week, or more, had passed since the arrival of the boats at the Fort, and the commotion that event

caused had gradually subsided to the ordinary routine life of the post. One beautiful morning in the mellow haze of lovely Indian summer, the bright sunshine streaming through the invalid's open window, and the soft, invigorating breeze fanned her wasted form, the Lieutenant sat by her side with her small hand clasped in his; her brilliant blue eyes were fixed upon his sad face, a sweet smile played upon her pallid lips, and then, without sigh or tremor, her spirit took its flight, so gently and quietly that, for several moments, those around her could scarcely realize that the struggle was ended.

"Eulalie is dead," was whispered throughout the garrison, and all was hushed; all labor suspended; the flag floating from the highest bastion was lowered to half mast and the great fortress became at once a house of mourning. They draped her cold body in robes of spotless white, and laid it in state in the large hall, where she had, in health, reigned as queen of the dance and joyous festivities, and received the homage of all in her social realm. Then placed in a coffin covered with white velvet, they conveyed her to the church in Kaskaskia, preceded by a guard of honor with arms reversed, the flag craped and drums muffled, followed by all the officers and ladies of the Fort, and a large concourse of civilians from the adjacent settlements. After the sacred offices of the priests she was tenderly consigned to the grave in the village cemetery near the church and buried with military honors.

CHAPTER X.

The grand object to be the attained in rebuilding Fort Chartres was the permanent security of French possessions on the Mississippi, and, incidentally, the maintenance of peace. But the great work was not completed when hostilities between England and France again commenced. Their respective military forces in America, ever at variance, were not long in engaging in earnest conflict. In the month of May, 1754, one George Washington, a Virginian, in the service of the English King, commanding a body of miltita from his native state, then stationed in Pennsylvania, surprised Coulon de Jumonville with a small detachment of French soldiers, near the Youghiogeny, (not far from the present city of Connellsville, in Fayette county), and defeated him, Jumonville falling at the first fire, shot through the head*

The report of this affair, and its resultant disaster to the French arms, when received at Fort Chartres produced the wildest consternation, and fired the military ardor of the inactive garrison. Neyon de Villiers, the senior Captain of Chevalier Makarty's command, a brother-in-law of Jumonville, asked leave of the Commandant to march to the scene of conflict and assist in avenging the death of his relative and re-

*"Judge it as we may, this obscure skirmish began the war that set the world on fire" *Montcalm and Wolf.* By Francis Parkman. Vol. 1. p. 150.

gaining the lost prestige of France in that quarter. This leave he readily obtained; and, with alacrity, began his preparations for the expedition.

To the depressed mind of Lieutenant Saucier the excitement and hazard of this undertaking offered alluring promise of relief. He felt willing to undergo any hardships; or risk any danger that would tend to revive his broken spirits and divert his thoughts from the sad occurances of the past few months. He volunteered his services, and was granted permission by the Commandant to accompany Capt. de Villiers as one of his Lieutenants. A hundred picked men were selected and fully equipped with everything necessary for the long journey. The boats were overhauled and put in order. Embarking, they proceeded down the Mississippi; then up the Ohio to Fort du Quesne, where they joined the force of Coulon de Villiers, an elder brother of the Captain. They there organized their men in four companies under trusted officers, and sallied forth in the quest of the enemy. Washington, apprised, by Indians friendly to the British, of the advancing French, retreated to the Great Meadow, a short distance from the spot where he had assassinated Ensign Jumonville, a year before. There he sought safety in Fort Necessity, a temporary defense of little strength, and awaited the avengers. He had not long to wait. De Villiers was soon upon him and investing his entrenchments, poured in upon him a murderous fire from all sides. The engagement lasted nine hours. Washington seeing the futilty of contending longer with such a superior and determind foe, after a short

parlay, surrendered. The French, magnanimously permitted him to march out with side arms and camp equipage. In this affair Washington lost twelve killed and forty-three wounded. He returned to the east side of the Alleghanies, leaving not an Englishman or English flag on their western side. On leaving Fort Necessity, Washington's Indian allies killed all his horses and cattle, plundered his baggage, knocked his medicine chest in pieces, and killed and scalped two of his wounded men. Left with no means of transportation his men were obliged to carry their sick and wounded on their backs.* He commenced his retreat on the fourth of July, a day afterward made glorious to a new born nation. The Fort Chartres contingent returned to the Mississippi flushed with victory, and without loss of a man.

They received a royal welcome from the garrison, and their successful humilation of Mr. Washington and his loyal militia was celebrated in all the settlements around the Fort with prolonged festivities.

Not long after the return of this expedition a courier arrived at the Fort from Montreal with important despatches from the home government and from the Governor General of Canada. Among those papers were commissions of promotion, as rewards, for several of the officers and men who had faithfully discharged their duties in the erection of the new Fort. Of those thus rewarded by the King, Major Makarty was ad-

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*_Montcalm and Wolf._ By Francis Parkman. Vol. 1. pp. 147- 161.

vanced to the rank of Colonel, and Lieutenant Saucier to that of Captain.

English emissaries were soon busy among the Indians all through the west attempting to win them over to their cause. And by liberal presents, more liberal promises, and misrepresentations, were successful in seducing several of the tribes from their allegiance to, and friendship for, the French. This change of policy by the savages caused much uneasiness and some trouble at Fort Chartres. A British invasion was among the possibilities expected; but no immediate danger of a general uprising of Illinois Indians was apprehended. Yet, the scattered settlements required protection, particularly from threatened inroads of the Chickasaws about the mouth of the Ohio river. Companies were detailed for police duty to different points, and frequent excursions were made in the interior of the country by detachments of soldiers to punish marauding bands of Indians. Chevalier de Volsci and his men having been ordered to Canada, Major Makarty sent Capt. Saucier to take command of the fort at Cahokia. This stockade was on the margin of the Mississippi three fourths of a mile west of the town. A few years later it was swept away by the current, that, about the close of the eighteenth century, eroded the banks of the river to within less than a quarter of a mile of the village. Captain Saucier was quite a favorite among the Cahokians; and while commanding there was very successful, not in fighting the discontented Indians, but in pacifying them and regaining their friendship.

When spring returned peace prevailed throughout the Illinois, and the scattered soldiers were recalled to the Fort. The tribes in upper Louisiana; or, more properly, along the Mississippi river below the Ohio, however, were reported to have joined the English—as all the eastern colonists were called—, and were harassing the whites engaged in navigation of the river. One of the first pirogues enroute for New Orleans was captured by them, and its crew were all slain.

The time had again arrived for despatching the boats to New Orleans for the garrison's annual supplies. In the then hostile attitude of the southern Indians, it was necessary to select for this service men of tried courage and endurance, and a commander of prudence, firmness and experience. Besides the supplies that might be drawn from the Quartermaster's and Commissary's departments in New Orleans, it would be necessary to purchase considerable quantities of stores there for the troops at the Fort. There were also expected at New Orleans important despatches, and a large sum of money, from France, for the Commandant and Paymaster at the Fort; and it was very desirable that all these valuables should be brought up the river in safety.

After pondering the matter over for sometime, Col. Makarty sent for Captain Saucier, and asked him if he would undertake the management of the voyage, stating that he would not detail him for that service if he preferred not to go; but that he would regard it a personal favor if he would accept the perilous office. The Captain answered, without hesitation, that he

was one of the King's soldiers, ready at anytime to go wherever required; and this duty would suit him as well as any.

The late spring rains had long since ceased. The waters had receded from the low, overflowed lands, to the lowest level of their accustomed channels. The sandbars had reappeared with barren prominence above the river's surface, when Capt. Saucier repaired to Kaskaskia, and put his fleet of boats in readiness, as before. He was fortunate in finding the best men of his former crews, whom he engaged; and taking from the Fort a few of the most reliable enlisted men who were with him on his former voyage, he once more bid adieu to the Illinois, and set his flotilla in the current of the great river. He again took his departure when the young moon was a silvered crescent about to drop into the dark western forest; choosing this phase of that orb for leaving, not from superstitions notions; but because he would have light at night for some time, enabling him to continue his course with the least possible delays.

At only two points on the river were hostile demonstrations made by the Indians; and these he repulsed without trouble, being constantly on his guard. By the exercise of cool judgment and careful management he reached his destination in comparatively a short time, without casualties, or encountering extraordinary hardships.

CHAPTER XI.

Thirty-seven years had passed since the first settlement was made at New Orleans by Bienville; and it was already a pretentious town*, the metropolis of all the vast territory claimed by the French Crown from the Gulf to the great northern lakes; and the commercial and military gateway to all that region. The primitive architecture of the place gave it the appearance of an irregular collection of huts with streaks of mud for streets; Yet, that early, much wealth was concentrated there, which—as in older communities—had the effect of creating social distinctions among its people. Squalor and poverty were conspicuous in some quarters of the place, while in others Parisian opulence and splendor, and Parisian styles and fashions were lavishly displayed. An aristocratic class had been fostered there by the late Governor of Louisiana, Pierre de Regaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil, who, a short time before, was transfered to Quebec as Governor General of Canada, superceding there M. de Gallisoniere. De Vaudreuil's pomp and state; his sumptuous style of living, punctillous etiquette and courtly manners, which found many servile immitators, caused his official residence, or chateau, on Rue Ponchartrain, to be named by the populance "Le Petite Versailles".

*By the close of the year 1752, forty-five brick houses had been built in New Orleans. Gayarre's *History of Louisiana.*

The shipping interests of the town were represented by large and commodious warehouses; and the many gay shops and elegant stores gave evidence of commercial prosperity. The Jesuits were there, of course, since 1727; but the only edifices yet erected by the church were the Ursuline Convent, Hospital and Chapel. New Orleans was made the capitol of Louisinan in 1721. On going ashore from his boat, near the spot where the Captain had met Mousieur Brusier when last here, the memory of that gentleman's doleful story was revived, with the wretched dispiriting effect he had experienced when listening to it. A feeling of extreme misery crept over him as he reveiwed the cruel fate of those he loved; his blighted hopes, and lonely life. The vision of two angelic young creatures, now still in death, whose love had illumined his soul and lent a charm to existence, arising before him, with the shades of his revered father and foster parents beyond —all now gone forever—almost overpowered him with a sense of heart-rending despondency. Philosophy, however, came to his rescue. It argued to him that nothing could be gained by repining and brooding over ill-fortune. The dead were beyond his reach; the living had claims upon him; and he was yet young enough to outlive the incubus of grief; and to benefit humanitv and his country. Rallying all the strength of his resolute mind, he determind to hide his sorrows in the recesses of his own thoughts, and act to the best of his abilities, the part assigned him in the world's affairs.

To further this resolve, he concluded no longer

to mope in seclusion; but to reenter society, and seek forgetfulness in its pastimes and frivolities. This course, he correctly judged, would be the most effective to banish melancholy. Social gaieties and amusements in New Orleans were not, in that era, restricted to certain seasons. There was then no hegira of the favored classes to northern watering places, or seaside resorts, during the heated term; but pleasure there, considered—next to obtaining the necessaries of life—the chief duty of existence, its pursuit, in feasting, dancing and visiting, was always in order from one Christmas to another.

The Captain's presence in town was soon generally known, and but little time was left him to feel lonely. His military rank; his youth, manly figure and handsome features, with his gentlemanly bearing and manners, made him a desirable acquaintance; and the knowledge that he was an accredited government agent disbursing large sums of money for military supplies, gave him ready admission into the highest circles of society, in which he soon became conspicuous. He was lionized by the wealthy, mercenary traders, by the educated and refined, and also by shrewd mothers having marriagable daughters. By accepting pressing invitations from all quarters, he was quickly inducted to the whirlpool of social entertainments, and was in a short time, one of society's chief attractions. He was a graceful dancer and interesting talker, and ever ready to take part in current amusements; but detested the coarse revelry and dissipation of the barracks and messroom.

Among the wholesale dealers and importers whose stocks of goods he inspected preliminary to making his purchases, was a merchant named Antoine Delorme, one of the wealthiest citizens of the town, a leader in its business circles, and an affable, hospitable gentleman. His residence on Rue Ponchartrain, in what was then known as the aristocratic quarter, was exteriorly plain, but large, roomy, and furnished interiorly with taste and munificence. Patterned after the gaudy mansion of the former Governor, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, it had all the appointments and accessories of luxurious comfort that wealth could provide, including a retinue of negro slaves perfectly trained for personal and domestic service.

Monsieur Delorme's family comprised only his wife and daughter, at home. Another daughter, who was married, resided in France; and a son, also married, was the principal merchant and shipowner in St. Pierre, on the island of Martinique. Madam Delorme was, in many respects, the antithesis of her husband. He had married her when both were young and poor, from a social stratum below that to which his parents belonged. She was a peasant's daughter, coarse, illiterate, and a stranger to the usages of refined society in which he had been nurtured. But she was a pretty girl, strong, healthy, industrious, and a shrewd, economical household manager. She had proven an efficient coadjutor in the accumulation of his large fortune, a true wife and exemplary mother. Advancing age had wrought serious changes in her girlish figure and rustic beauty; and her altered station in life had develop-

ed the, too common, arrogance and foolish vanity of riches displayed by vulgar people becoming wealthy. She was corpulent, florid and broadfaced, and spoke very ungrammatically; but dressed in fine, showy clothes, made in the height of fashion, that illy—became her rotund form; with a profusion of flashy, costly jewelry. Coming, as she had, from the mud-sills of society, she seemed to have forgotten her early hardships and privations, and now looked down upon the plebeians with uncharitable contempt.

Her daughter, Mam'selle Rosealie, the youngest of her children, was reared in luxury and indolence, receiving considerable polish—if not much erudition—in a French convent in Paris. Her face was pretty but wanting in expression. With a tendency to obesity, she had inheirted none of her mother's former energy and force, but all of her mother's later weakness for fine clothes and sparkling ornaments. She was blessed with an easy, good-natured disposition and pleasant voice; was a fair musician, a voluble talker and fine entertainer. To secure for this girl a husband of wealth, or rank—both preferably—was now the object for which Madame Delorme lived. No means were spared in making her salons attractive; and eclipsing all others in the sumptuousness and brillancy of her entertainments, not excepting those of the late Governor De Vaudreuil. Her balls and dinners were grand, and her musicales and garden dejeuners superb.

Captain Saucier was not wealthy; but for business reasons, and because of his official position in the King's service, he soon became a frequent and wel-

come guest at the Delorme mansion. He was among the first invited to the Madame's fetes and parties, and was always graciously received when he dropped in, informally, to pass an hour in pleasant chat with Mlle. Rosealie.

CHAPTER XII.

A month had passed since the Captain's arrival at New Orleans, in which he had been busily employed every business hour each day. He had made all his purchases; but was still detained awaiting the expected despatches from France. Time however did not hang heavily on his hands. He had formed many agreeable acquaintences who extended to him the cordial hospitality of their homes, and vied with each other in their efforts to enchance the pleasures of his visit. He received flattering attentions in these charmed and charming circles, from the ladies particularly, who allowed him but little opportunity for serious retrospective reflection, and impressed upon him the axiom that life is for the living and should be enjoyed while it lasts.

Calling one morning before the sun's rays became oppressive, at the Delorme mansion, his knock at the door was answered, as usual, by a colored servant who ushered him into the small parlor, or drawing room, and then went to apprise her young mistress of his presence. As he entered the room he casually glanced through the open folding doors into the adjoining

room and saw there a woman, apparently young, sitting in a large alcove engaged in sewing. Her hands, he saw, were white; but he did not see her face. She arose on his entrance into the parlor, and gathering up her work basket and the material upon which she was plying her needle, left the apartment without so much as glancing in his direction. He saw, as she flitted out of the room like a shadow, that her tall, well-molded form was plainly but neatly dressed in black. As Mlle. Rosealie directly made her appearance, the woman in black passed out of his mind, and the pampered daughter of fortune amused and interested him for a time with her vivacious conversation and music.

The climate at New Orleans has not materially changed since the administration of affairs there by the "Grand Marquis" Vaudreuil, a century and a half ago. In the late summer the nights and mornings are pleasantly cool, with uncomfortable heat during the middle part of the day. In the olden days, however, the rush and bustle of business of the present were unknown there, and through the heated hours business pursuits and pleasure-seeking were suspended until a fall in the temperature in the evening.

A few days after the Captain's last morning call at the Delorme abode; he was again there one evening with a gay party of young gentlemen and ladies, who had met him on the street, and prevailed upon him to accompany them. Such impromptu gatherings of young society people were then of almost daily occurrence, and always highly enjoyed by hostess and guests alike. While the Captain was recounting to a

group of girls some of his experiences in Kaskaskia and Cahokia society he chanced to look, from the piazza where he sat, towards the flower garden, and saw the same figure in black he had seen a few mornings before sewing in the alcove, enter the garden from the street, by a side gate, and passing through the shrubbery and flowers, disappear beyond the rear angle of the building. She wore, as before, a plain, neatly-fitting, black dress and her head was covered by a sunbonnet that concealed her face. He lookod at the retreating woman as long as she was in view; though she seemed, from her garb, to occupy no higher station than that of an upper menial—a hired seamstress perhaps—and of no consequence. It may have been the striking contrast she presented to Mlle. Rosealie, in the perfect symmetry of her form and her graceful movements, that attracted his attention and curiously interested him. On two or three other occasions when at the Delorme mansion he again caught glimpses of that mysterious retiring young woman in the distance; and though he strove to dismiss her from his mind, as one in whom he was in no manner concerned, she strangely impressed him; and he found it difficult to suppress the desire to learn who she was.

The long looked for ship from France at length arrived, bringing the expected depatches and mails. The Captain, much relieved, now began earnestly to complete his final preparations for his long and trying return voyage. Early and late he was in the large Delorme warehouse, where his goods were stored,

superintending and directing the assorting and transfering of bales, boxes and casks to the boats, and seeing to arranging them there securely and compactly.

Coming into the spacious building on the first morning, to hurry forward this work, he was hailed by old Michael Mallait, the clerk and guardian genius of this department of the Delorme establishment who had been in the Delorme service since its commencement, with this cheery greeting:

"Ah! bon jour; bon jour; Monsieur le Capitaine. You are quite well, I am happy to see. And, so, you are going to leave us, eh?"

"Yes; Uncle Michael; I expect to bid New Orleans a long, and perhaps last, farewell, on next Monday morning; Dieu volante," said the Captain.

"Ah! mon cher garcon", continued the old man, "we will all miss you very much when you are gone; and you don't know the devastation your departure will cause here."

"You are surely jesting, my friend; for what calamity can my leaving occasion?"

"Broken hearts among the damoiselles, of course," answered the old man, with a knowing smile; and then added; "I don't know how they will manage to get along without you in their fine balls and parties. And Mam'selle Rosealie, poor thing!, will be inconsolable in your absence".

"Bah!" retorted the Captain, with some impatience, "she will very soon forget that I was ever here." This allusion to Rosealie reminded him of the

plainly-attired young woman he had now and then seen about the Delorme premises, and seeing no impropriety in interrogating him about her, he asked, "Now that I think of it, mon oncle; can you tell me who that strange young woman is, of whom I have sometimes caught sight, up at the mansion?"

"No, I cannot; only this of her have I learned; that she has but recently arrived here—since you came —; from France, I think; and that she is a distant relative of Delorme's, an orphan, distitute, and trying to support herself with her needle. I have heard her name; but cannot now recall it. Of course she is not admitted into Mam'selle Rosealie's set."

Their conversation then turned on business affairs and each was soon engrossed in matters that concerned him most, and which gave them ample occupation for the balance of the day. This routine work continued until Saturday evening, when the Captain had everything in readiness to start away the next evening or on Monday morning. His boats were all in first class condition, each with its cargo in place; his arms and ammunition carefully inspected; his bills all settled, and his men at their respective posts, ready for duty. He would have given the order to shove off that evening, but for the conscientious scruples of the men, who could not agree to embark on such a perilous journey without first attending mass, and receiving absolution from the priest, on the Sabbath.

The Captain had a snug little cabin fitted up in his boat; walled around with bales and boxes and covered with tarpaulin. At either end was a small window

looking fore and aft; a carpet covered the floor, and a cosey bunk and a couple of chairs imparted to it an air of home-like comfort. The termination of his stay in New Orleans had arrived. He had paid all of his farewell visits, and bid adieu to all his social and business acquaintances including the Governor and military officers, then gladly left his quarters in the town, and took possession of his cabin and boat, prepared for the serious task before him.

After retiring for the night he reviewed the time he had just passed in New Orleans; the mission he had successfully accomplished, interspersed and varied, as it had been, with many pleasant episodes; with courtesies, and the respect and kindness accorded him by his many new acquaintances, and many charming ladies. All this was gratifying to his self esteem. He found that he had gained much of his former cheerfulness and interest in life, and ambition for an honorable career. He fell asleep congratulating himself that he had overcome the poignancy of grief without impairment of his loyalty to the memory of the dead, successfully resisting the arts and blandishments of the city beauties.

CHAPTER XIII.

The golden light of the Sabbath dawn shone resplendent in the east beyond Lake Borgne, and as the sun arose above the horizon, the curtain of fog, settled on the bosom of the great river during the night, was slowly furled and floated away.

From force of habit, observed in camp, at the Fort and on the march, the Captain arose at the reveille hour. His daily practice while sojourning in the town was to be up before the rising of the sun, and take long walks before breakfast, for exercise. Sometimes he strolled along the levee above the river bank; or out to the lakes; then again, he walked through the noisy and odorous markets; or by the slumbering residences and perfume-ladened flower gardens in the opulent quarter; or among the lowly huts of the poor classes.

On this refreshing Sunday morning, seeing that everything about the boats was quiet and in order, he took his course to the old Place d' Armes, and then into the deserted streets, with no aim in view but to look for the last time on some of the objects and localities he had become familiar with. His unrestrained thoughts dwelled upon the possibilities and probabilities of his voyage; then wandered to the more serious problem of impending war with the English; mentally discussing its consequences in the Illinois, and its ultimate results; and how it would affect his individual plans and aspirations; and in what way he might best serve his King and country, and at the same time promote his own interests.

He walked on slowly, in deep reverie, heedless of his course; past the silent rows of closed shops and stores, and on through the little park, or commons, then towards the Ursuline Convent and Chapel, seeing no one astir but the devout few on their way to the Chapel to attend *la bas messe*, or matin services. Arousing himself from his meditations to take his

bearings and see where he had wandered to, he noted that he was then passing the Chapel into which a few shuffling old people and young girls were noislessly creeping, like straggling bees into a hive. He stopped, and concluded to retrace his steps, and regain the river and his boats by the most direct route. He walked back a short distance; but a sudden impulse caused him to again turn and continue in the direction he had been walking, as by that course he could, with a few detours, reach the boat landing without much loss of time or distance. Going on he passed by some of the better class residences where he had been, in the last few weeks, royally entertained; and, for a moment felt a pang of regret in exchanging those generous luxuries for the rough fare of the river and camp.

A little farther on he came in sight of the well-known gables and piazzas, and spacious grounds of the Delorme mansion now wrapped in the stillness of profound repose. As he proceded toward the house, along the apology for a sidewalk, the side gate of the flower garden next to the street suddenly opened, and the black-garbed figure of the young woman he had occasionally seen about the mansion, emerged, with rosary and prayer book in hand, and head bowed in devotional attitude, evidently on her way to matin worship at the Chapel. She came on toward him with downcast eyes, walking slowly, as though in deep thought, or burdened with some secret sorrow. Though penniless and alone in the world, and consigned by fate to a life of toil and obscurity, as old Michael

Mallait represented her, she moved with grace and dignity strangely at variance with her lowly station.

As they approached each other on the narrow walk, she raised her eyes slightly as he was about to step aside to let her pass by. His gaze was fixed upon her, and as she momentarily looked up he saw her face for the first time. Starting back in bewildered amazement, he exclaimed "Merciful God! Can this be but a mocking dream! Pardon me, Madame, will you please tell me who you are?" She did not faint or scream; but stood—like a statue—transfixed with surprise. The color left her cheeks for a moment; but regaining her presence of mind she answered firmly, "My name is Adel Lepage."

"Adel Lepage!", he repeated, with agitation; "But Mousieur Brusier told me that my—that is—I mean—the Adel Lepage whom I knew in France, died of the plague aboard the ship, L'Etoile du Nord, at sea."

"I escaped death almost by a miracle", said she; but, pray sir, who are you?"

"I am Jean Baptiste Saucier", answered the Captain, as he clasped the astonished girl in his arms.

"Oh! Jean Baptiste", she cried half incredulously, "can it be possible that it is really you? They told us you was killed by the savages, and my poor parents and myself mourned for you with bleeding hearts."

He turned and walked with her in the direction of the Chapel; but so intent were they with mutual explanations of causes why they were not dead, and accounts of events transpiring in their lives since they

had seen each other last, they passed the Chapel without seeing it, and proceeding to the Convent lawn sat down on one of the rustic seats there, and continued their animated conversation perfectly oblivious to all surroundings.

"Did you", she asked, "receive my letter giving you an account of your father's death, and of my father's conclusion to emigrate to New France?"

"Yes", he answered sadly, "and that was the last letter I received from you. You perhaps forgot to write to me again."

"Oh! Jean Baptiste, how can you say that?", she said resproachfully, and her eyes became suffused with tears. "I will tell you why I did not write to you again" she continued: "You no doubt remember Jo. Michot?"

"I do, indeed", said the Captain; "and I will hardly ever forget—nor do I think he will—the thrashing I gave him, when we were at school at Lachapelle, one recess, for meanly kicking over our dinner basket."

"Well", continued Adel, "he annoyed me very much by his persistent attentions, after you left home, and asked me to marry him. I, of course, refused; for I always cordially detested him. It was just after your father's death—a few days after I had written to you of it—and we were preparing to start to America, that he brought the intelligence from Orleans that you had been slain in battle with the Indians. From the accounts you had written us of those terrible savages, I believed the sad news he brought was true. He

then told me I need not go to America to look for you, as you was dead; and I might as well marry him and remain in France. This not only pained, but infuriated me, and I replied that I was anxious to go to New France, and would go there, or anywhere else, if for no other reason than that I might be where I would never see, or hear of him again."

"Mille Tonnerre!", interrupted the Captain vehemently, "I wish the lying poltroon was here now, so that I could show him whether I am dead, or not."

"So then", continued Adel, "Monsieur Isidore Brusier told you all about the awful misfortunes that befel us on the ocean. Oh! it was dreadful beyond any human power of description. In an hour or two after I was attacked by the plague I lost all consciousness, and only know what followed by having been told of it by others. All were satisfied I was dying when Mousieur Brusier was stricken down, and they made preparations to throw me into the sea to follow my poor father and mother and the others who had died. And two or three times again it was thought I had breathed my last; but when the unfortunate ship next morning, cast its anchor in the Bay of St. Pierre, in the island of Martinique, I was still alive. All on board, sick and well, were immediately sent ashore.

"Monsieur Brusier's brother, who escaped the scourge, and who had cared for him every moment of his sickness, employed natives at once to carry the sick man to the extreme northern part of the island, so as to be near relatives of theirs at Fort Royale. The other sick persons, who had friends or relatives with

them, were also carried away to the hills as soon as possible; but I, having no one left to care for me, was taken on shore and placed in a vacant native hut under the palms, with no thought that I could survive many hours—or minutes, perhaps. The arrival of our vessel, and its disastrous voyage, were soon known in St. Pierre, and the citizen there lost no time in offering such relief as was in their power.

"Augustine Delorme, son of M. Antoine Delorme of this place, the wealthiest merchant in St. Pierre, and himself a shipowner, and whose grand mother was a Lepage, on learning from our ship's register my name, and my parent's names, as passengers, from near Orleans, thought we might be relatives of his, and sent an agent to the ship right away to enquire about us. On learning the facts he came himself immediately with a lot of servants, and caused me to be placed in a covered litter, or palanquin, and conveyed, by relays of carriers, to his summer house upon the mountain side. There a corps of physicians and nurses, superintended by Monsieur Augustine's good wife, bravely contended with the horrid disease that was consuming me, for many days, and finally triumphed."

CHAPTER XIV.

"I told them my story", continued Adel, "when sufficiently recovered to be able to talk; and when able to sit up my newly found relatives removed me to their home in St. Pierre, and installed me there as one of

their family. I there did all I could for them to repay their great benevolence, by such services as I could render; and, while there, learned to be quite an expert dress-maker. Though every comfort was at my command, and every want gratified, I could not avoid the feeling that I was a dependent and object of charity. I begged M. Augustine to permit me to come to this town on one of his ships, where I might find better opportunities to earn my support. They all tried to dissuade me from the view I had taken and the purpose I had formed, and implored me to remain with them. It must have been some destiny impelling me; for I could not resist the constant impulse to come here.

"With reluctance and regrets, they at length consented; but only on my promise to go directly to M. Antoine Delorme's house, and make it my future home; and if I was disappointed in my expectations here to return immediately to them.

"I arrived here four weeks ago, and found the Delorme mansion a very pleasant home, and have been treated very kindly. I soon discovered however, that my place there was that of a poor, dependent relation, and that I was expected not to transgress its bounds by intruding myself into Mam'selle Rosealie's circle.

"This situation has its twinge of humiliation; but not of hardship; for society has no allurements for me, and I long only for the quietude of obscure retirement —that Madame Delorme and Mam'selle Rosealie seem quite willing for me to enjoy. I have though, without consulting them, made arrangements to leave the

mansion tomorrow morning, and commence work in Madame Durand's dress-making and millinery establishment, on Rue St. Charles, where I can earn good wages and be measurably independent."

The Captain listened to this recitel with deep interest; and to some of its passages, with illy-suppressed emotions. He then told her of Fort de Chartres and the country in which it was located; of Kaskaskia, Cahokia, and of the people who lived there. He told her of his life at the Fort; and of his former voyage down the river, and the great joy he anticipated in meeting her and her parents in New Orleans, and of his plans for their future settlement in the colonies near the Fort. He recounted his eager watching for the arrival of their ship, and of his heartrending disappointment and grief when he met Monsieur Brusier, and heard from him the terrible reality, with the assurance of her death also. He then informed her of his present mission to New Orleans, its objects accomplished, and his arrangements all perfected for starting that evening, or early the next morning, on his return; not omitting a description of the perils and hardships of the voyage. Then taking her hand in both of his, he said, "Adel, will you be my wife, and go with me?"

She raised her eyes to his, beaming with joyous confidence, as she answered unhesitatingly; "Yes, Jean Baptiste, I will; and will go with you anywhere."

If this biographical sketch of Captain Jean Baptiste Saucier was a mere romance, a coinage of the fancy, portraying imaginary characters and apocryphal

events, it should end here with the stereotyped formula —employed in closing most of love stories and works of fiction—that the hero and heroine, having discovered each other, "were married and lived ever after in serene happiness." But Captain Saucier was a real personage,* and the incidents here related are, in the main, historically true. Regard for the truth of history, therefore, compels the reluctant statement that his later life, for a time an existence of blissful happiness, was again darkened by a sorrow exceeding all others he had before experienced.

They again met early next morning at the Ursuline Chapel, and knelt together at the altar. The officiating priest, informed of the Captain's situation, dispensed with the Church's rule in ordinary mar riages, of publishing the bans from the altar for three consecutive Sundays, and proceeded to solemnly pronounce the ceremony that made them man and wife.

The only witnesses present were old Michael Mallait and Monsieur Delorme; Madame Delorme and Mam'selle Rosealie, if invited, did not deign to even send their regrets; much less to offer either reception or wedding feast for the young couple An hour later the boats were moving up stream, with Adel as mistress of the Captain's cabin, enroute to a new, strange world to found a new home under novel auspices.

Their progress up the tortuous river was laborious, and not altogether free from exciting adventures

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*Reynold's Pioneer *History of Illinois.* Second (or Fergus) edition, Chicago 1887, pp 286—288

and narrowly averted dangers; but in due time; all arrived safely at the Fort.

The great structure was almost completed. The broad stone platform over the fine arch of the main gate was placed in position; and also the stone stair case and balustrade leading up to it. The cannon*, bearing on their surface, the monogram and arms of Louis XIV, were mounted in the bastions, and the buildings and arched magazine within the huge walls were all nearly finished. On the low swampy bank of the Mississippi river, in the far western wilderness, it stood, a marvel of engineering skill and labor, the grandest and strongest fortress in America.

New Chartres, the town near the entrance to the Fort, so named in contradistinction to Old Chartres,

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*The cannon, five in number, were taken from the ruins of Fort Chartres, in 1812, by Gov. Ninian Edwards and mounted on his Fort Russell, a mile and a half from the present city of Edwardsville. One of them was bursted when firing in celebration of Gen'l. Jackson's victory at New Orleans. in January, 1815. Of the other four no trace can be found Of the aspect of Fort Chartres, when he visited it in 1802, Gov. Reynolds says; "It was an object of antiquarian curiosity. The trees, undergrowth, and brush are mixed and interwoven with the old walls. It presented the most striking contrast between a savage wilderness; filled with wild beasts and reptiles, and the remains of one of the largest and strongest fortifications on the continent." He visited it again in 1854, and found "Fort Chartres a pile of mouldering ruins, and the walls torn away almost even with the surface." At present nothing of the great structure remains but one angle of the wall a few feet in height, and the magazine."

near the gate of the old fort below, had grown to respectable dimensions. Commencing with temporary habitations of artisans and laborers, it had absorbed the population of the old town, and the greater part of that of St. Philip * Several traders settled in it and some of the officers and soldiers of the garrison having families resided in the village in preference to the restricted limits within the walls. A beautiful lawnlike esplande, or drill ground, of twenty acres, laid between the great gate and the town. We can well imagine the maneuvers here of grenadiers, in pleasant weather, viewed with patriotic pride, by the officers and their friends, from the large stone platform surmounting the carved arch of the principal gate. Captain's Saucier's cottage was the newest and neatest in the village "officers row," its attractiveness and embellishments due to the taste and industry of his handsome wife. As a token of his special regard for the Captain,

*"On the first-named grant, Renault established a little village, and as is the fashion in more modern times, honored it by his own baptismal name—St. Philip. It was on the rich alluvion and had its common field there, the allotments made by himself and within five miles of Fort Chartres, then just erected on a small scale, and with no view to durability or strength; within its shade grew up 'Chartres Village' as it was called, with its 'common field' also, and 'commons' embracing a large scope of the unappropriated domain, and with a chapel served by a Franciscan friar and dedicated to St. Anne. Not a vistage of these two villages now remain, save some asparagus yearly putting forth its slender stems upon the open prairie."—*The Early History of Illinois.* By Sidney Breese, Chicago, 1884, pp. 177-178.

Chevalier Markarty transferred Lisette to Adel, for whom she formed an attachment at their first meeting; and the true, worthy servant remained in the Captain's household, through its changes, the rest of her days.

Fort Chartres was the depot of arms and munitions, and the seat of military power for all the vast region from New Orleans to Montreal west of the Alleghanies; as France then, claimed the entire Mississippi valley. England's rapidly increasing colonies or the Atlantic seaboard however passed the mountain barrier, and were overrunning the territory claimed by France north of the Ohio river. Their aggressions brought on local conflicts which, in 1755, resulted in war between the two nations. Braddock that year marched on Fort Du Quesne and was defeated. In 1756, the English General, Forbes, with 7000 men, retrieved Braddock's disaster and compelled the French to evacuate Fort Du Quesne, where all the garrison of Fort Chartres, but Captain Saucier's company, had been drawn. It was now plain that the empire of France in America was tottering to its fall. It was too extensive to be successfully defended at all points from onslaughts of such a foe. For three years more the unequal contest continued, when it was practically terminated by the English victory on the Plains of Abraham, and fall of Quebec, on the 13th of September, 1759. The boldness and sagacity of Pontiac, the friend and ally of the French, however, prevented the victorious English from taking possession of the Illinois until six years later.

The reverses of the French arms were servereiy

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felt at Fort Chartres, and throughout the settlements on the Mississippi, though they were not in the theatre of the war. The Fort had been rebuilt at immense expense of treasure and labor, designed to be a permanent bulwark for the French possessions in the Mississippi Valley. Yet, it was not completely finished when the fall of Canada clearly pressaged its doom.

In 1761, Col. Makarty was, by his own request, ordered back to France, and Capt. Neyon de Villiers, who, of seven brothers in the military service of the King in America, was the only survivor, the other six having been killed in defense of Canada, succeded him in command at the Fort. The retiring veteran, upon taking his departure, bid farewell, with touching sadness, to the officers and men, to the colonists who revered him, to the splendid citadel he erected and to the grave of his idolized daughter. When he parted with Capt. Saucier, who accompained him from France, and had for a decade been intimately associated with him in all the affairs of the Fort, and had shown his daughter such tender attentions, his iron firmess failed, and tears coursed down his bronzed cheeks as he flung himself into his boat and left the Illinois for ever.

When the weak and corrupt King of France, having secretly transferred Florida, New Orleans and all the territory west of the Mississippi to Spain, purchased peace with England by ceding to her all the balance of his possessions in America, in 1763, the settlers in the Illinois district were overwhelmed with surprise and mortification. Disgusted and heartbroken, Cap-

tain de Villiers abandoned Fort Chartres and went to New Orleans. Captain Saucier, not wishing to return to France, and seeing his military career in America terminated, handed de Villers his resignation from the army and took up his abode in Cahokia. The veteran Commandant, Louis St. Ange de Bellerive, who, many years before, commanded the old stockade fort Chartres, now came from Vincennes, with forty men, and assumed command of the grand new Fort, only to formally surrender it, on the 10th of October, 1765, to Captain Sterling, of the 42d Highlanders, much to the chagrin and deep disgust of Pontiac and his braves, and to all the French colonists. To the lasting disgrace and humiliation of France her lillies were hauled down from the bastion staff and replaced by the detested flag of Great Britain. Fort Chartres was the last place on the continent of North America to float the French flag. St. Ange de Bellerive, unwilling to live under English rule, after the surrender, embarked with his handful of men, at the Fort landing and proceeded up the river to St. Louis, which he thought was yet in French territory, and assumed command of that post. New Chartres was speedily deserted; several of its inhabitants following St. Ange to St. Louis, and the balance scattering out in the neighboring settlements.

Captain Saucier and wife, enamored with the country and people, upon his resignation, left New Chartres and purchased an elegant home in Cahokia, where they were accorded the highest respect and consideration by the entire community. The feeble exhibition of authority by the new rulers of the Illinois

effected no perceptable change in the old regime, and the old habitants were soon reconciled to the new dynasty. Cahokia continued to flourish and grow in importance. Captain Saucier engaged actively in business pursuits and was very successful. He was situated for enjoyment of every bliss that life has in store; and his propitious future was apparently well assured. But, alas! his sanguine dreams of earthly happiness were of short duration. They were rudely dissipated by a sudden and terrible shock that, for a time, caused his reason to totter. His adored wife, Adel, whose physical constitution had no doubt been impaired by the dreadful ordeal she had passed at sea, fell a victim to the noxious malarial exhalations of the swamps. After a few days of indisposition, that occasioned no uneasiness, she was attacked by a severe chill, prolonged, yet merciful in its comparative brevity, that terminated in death, instead of the usual reaction. In the month of October, 1765, she was laid to rest in the little grave yard adjoining the old church in Cahokia.

The rest may be briefly told.

Time, that graciously alleviates all trouble, at last healed—in some measure—the Captain's broken heart. Five years after he had looked for the last time upon the cold form of his cherished Adel, he led to the altar, in the old Cahokia church, another bride, Mam'-selle Manette Lecompt, who was born in the village of St. Philip, in 1745. She was the daughter of Louis

Lecompt, a Canadian by birth, whose parents emigrated to Montreal from the province of Mayenne, in France. She died in Cahokia in April, 1809.

At the date of his second marriage Capt. Saucier was forty-four years of age; and his wife nineteen years his junior. The date of his death is not certainly known; but there is evidence that he was a highly respected resident of Cahokia—where he was finally buried—and a patriotic citizen of the United States, for many years after George Rogers Clark, on the night of the 4th of July, 1778, tore down the odious banner of St. George at Kaskaskia, and planted in its stead in the Illinois—for all future time—the ensign of political freedom.

GENEALOGICAL.

No children were born to the first wife of Captain John B. Saucier. The second marriage was blessed with four; three sons and one daughter, in the following order*:

John Baptiste Saucier,
Francois Saucier,
Adelaide Saucier,
Matthieu Saucier.

The daughter, Adelaide; married, in 1798, a young Frenchman named Jean Francois Perry, from the vicinity of Lyons, in France; and to them three children were born, all daughters; named

Louise Perry,
Adelaide Perry,
Harriet Perry.

Adelaide Perry, married on the 18th of October, 1820, at Cahokia, a young man from Fayette county, Pennsylvania, named Adam Wilson Snyder; and of several children born to them, three sons survived, named

William Henry Snyder,
Frederick Adam Snyder,
John Francis Snyder.

**Pioneer History of Illinois.* By John Reynolds. Second (or Fergus) edition, Chicago, 1887, pp. 286 to 291.

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